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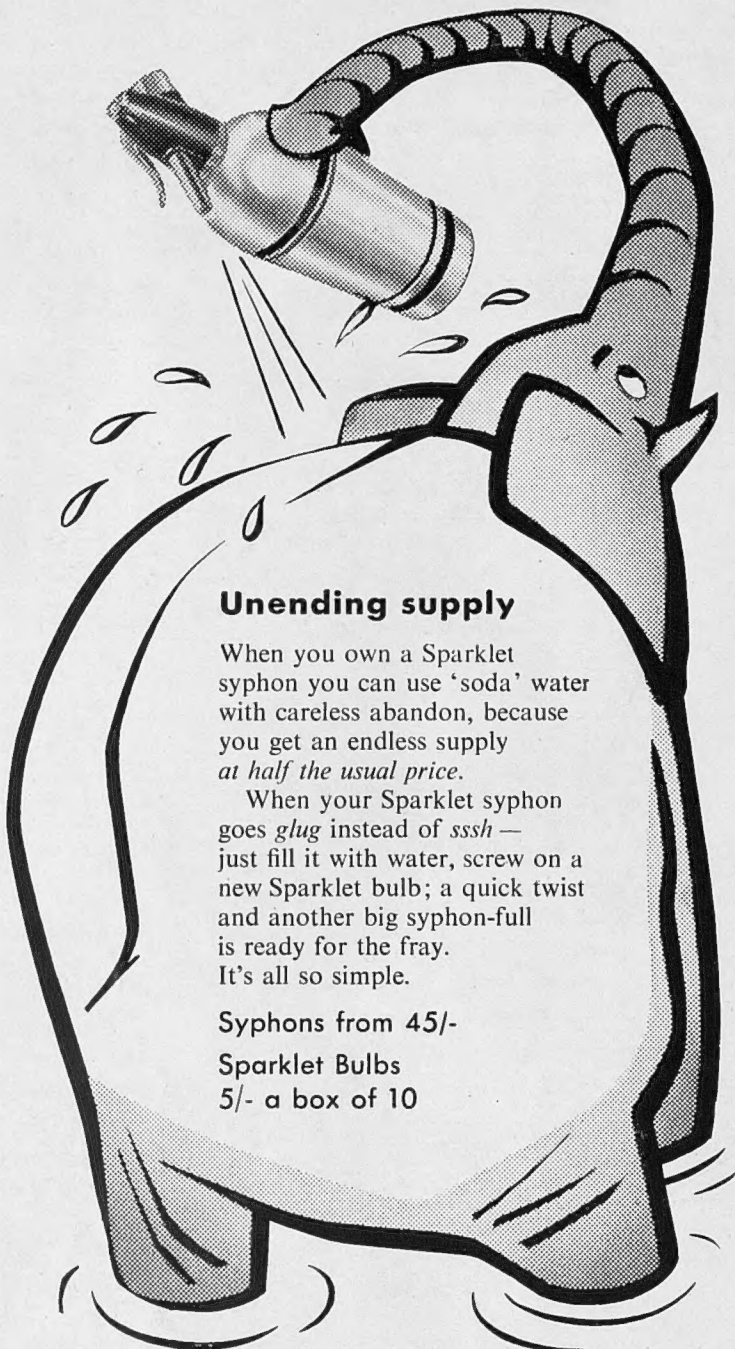
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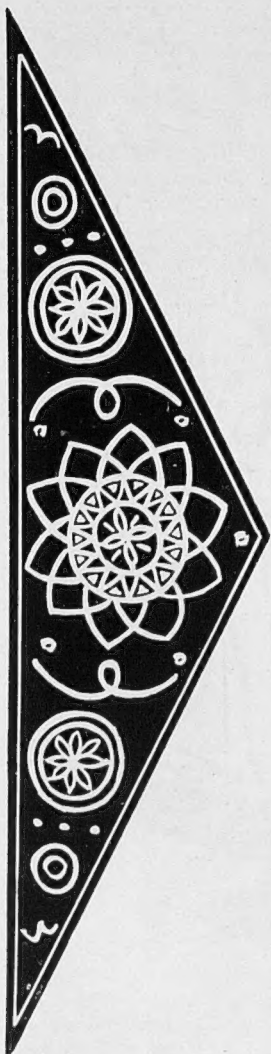
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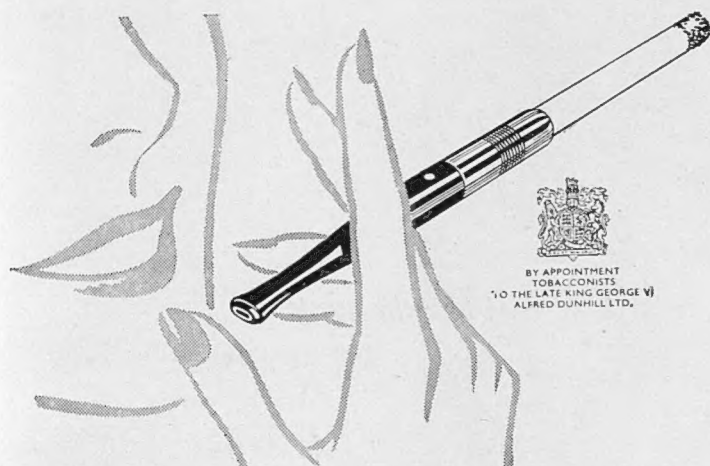
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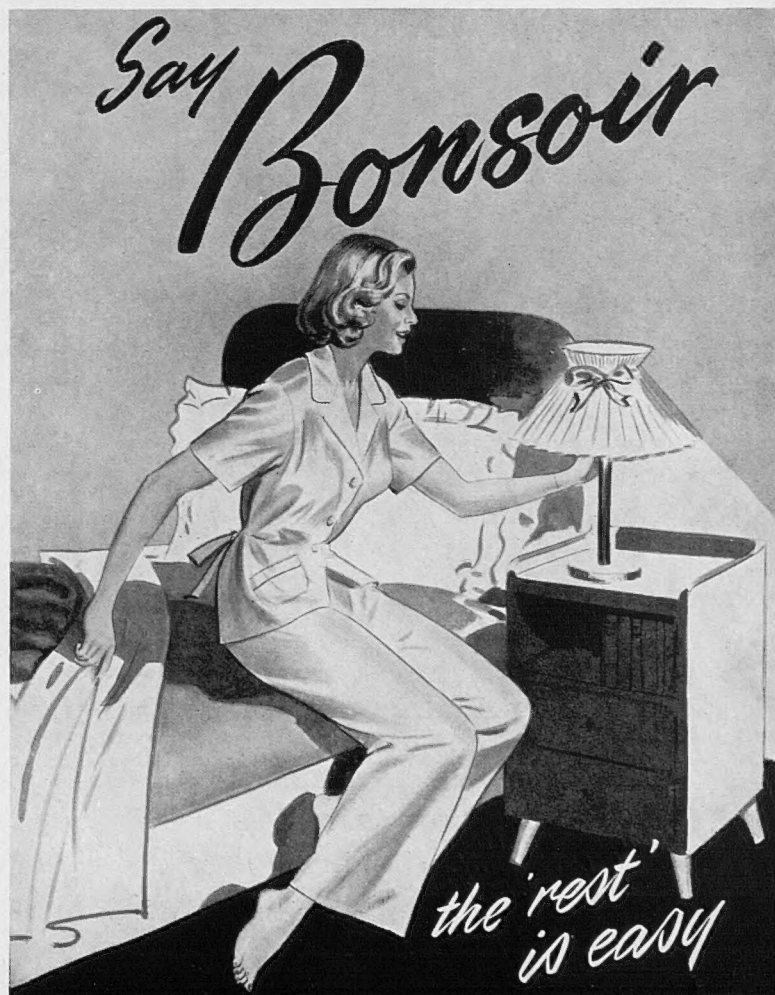
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Oh yes—the ball. Are you coming? *Yes, rather.*

Have a noggin in the cocktail bar first? *Make it the garden lounge—I like the music.*

Let's have a swim now. *No thanks. It's me for a book in the library.*

You'll fall asleep. *That's the idea.*

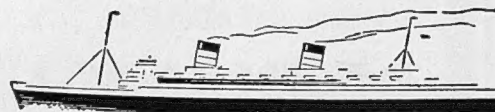
Lazy—! *m-m-m. Bless Cunard.*

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FEB. 23  
1955

## White doves at Royal wedding

**M**ORE than one hundred members of nine European royal houses were among the six hundred guests at the wedding of Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia to Princess Maria Pia of Savoy, daughter of ex-King Umberto of Italy. The marriage took place in the church of the little fishing village of Cascais, Estoril. Clouds of white doves were released into the air when the bridal couple appeared after the ceremony, and girls from every province in Italy showered rose petals over them. Among the royal guests were the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra







Clayton Evans

## Peer, parliamentarian and farmer

THE appointment of Earl St. Aldwyn as Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries was a particularly fortunate choice, for he farms extensively at his family home, Williamstrip Park, near Cirencester, and is chairman of many agricultural committees. He married the former Miss Diana Mills in 1948 and they have two sons, Viscount Quenington aged five and the Hon. Peter Hicks-Beach aged two and a half

*Agricultural wisdom  
at the State's service*



## LADY MARYE WHITE AND HER SON

LUKE RICHARD WHITE is the seven months old son of the Hon. Luke White, Lord Annaly's son and heir. His mother, who was formerly Lady Marye Pepys, is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cottenham and married the Hon. Luke White in 1953. Their home is in Chelsea Square. Lady Mary's mother is the only sister of the present Marquess of Abergavenny



Eric Coop

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## AT THE WINTER SPORTS

SWITZERLAND.—The first words I heard here, as in Austria, were "We need snow badly." I certainly brought it with me, for it began to snow on my arrival in Gstaad and continued without stopping until the morning I left, three days later: a splendid fall which, with reasonable luck, should ensure several weeks of perfect ski-ing in this small, fashionable resort in the Bernese Oberland, which I left bathed in sunshine.

It was my first visit there and I went to the superbly comfortable Gstaad Winter Palace, one of the luxury hotels of Europe, where people stay for the winter sports from the middle of December until the middle of

March. It reopens again later in the year for the summer season, when visitors not only have the beautiful scenery and Alpine flowers to enjoy, but also swimming, tennis and a little golf.

It is certainly one of the best hotels to be in during an Alpine snowfall, for it has a spacious lounge, a reading and writing room, a large card room where bridge and canasta are arranged, and for the younger generation two excellent table tennis tables and other games in three rooms downstairs, which help to work off youthful energy. Every evening there is dancing and every Saturday night a big gala in a luxurious setting, when the many extremely chic women wear their loveliest dresses and most beautiful jewels, while on Sunday nights

an excellent film show, which attracts a large audience, is always given in the hotel.

WHEN the weather is good you can skate on a fine rink adjoining the hotel, which is also within easy reach of the ski and chair lifts. The most favoured daily jaunt is up the Wassengrät in the chair lift, to take one of the several runs down. One can also enjoy lunch outdoors in the sunshine at the chalet restaurant, which is at the top of the run. I heard that by next season a new luncheon chalet in very attractive old-world style will be open at the top of Eggli, another popular run.

[Continued overleaf]





Lady Cunliffe-Owen, wife of Sir Dudley Cunliffe-Owen, was on the terrace of the Corviglia Ski Club 7,964 feet above St. Moritz



Miss Marsha Gayle had been studying a mountain range through the telescope. The Grisons has some of the highest peaks in Europe

## Continuing The Social Journal

### A cosmopolitan air to the chalets

A favourite pastime for many visitors is to go "tailing" on a luge to Gsteig where there is a very good restaurant, the Hotel de L'Ours. This is perhaps the greatest fun by moonlight, and afterwards you can enjoy an informal dinner of "Fondue," in which they specialize at Gsteig, with a little band playing haunting Swiss tunes.

THERE is, perhaps, more chalet life in Gstaad than at any other winter sports centre in Switzerland, so that there is a lot of private entertaining. More than fifty chalets are rented each season and already many are booked for next winter. Among those who have had chalets here this season are Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador in London, who was at the Chalet Burn until the middle of January, Baron A. W. C. Bentinck, the Netherlands Ambassador to Switzerland, and Baroness Bentinck, who were staying at the Hornberg, Princess Hélène of Bavaria who was at the Mattenwald, the Italian Marquis Incisa at the Chalet Pergola, Baronne de Lambert from Belgium, who had taken the Chalet Waldeg, and Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding from Boston, who were in their own charming Chalet Colombier.

I found that the most popular rendezvous for tea in the village was Charlys, where many boys from Le Rosay School and girls from Montesana School as well as many visitors were enjoying hot chocolate with Swiss pastries, or one of the other specialities such as *café frappé*, after ski-ing each afternoon. A

small party of young girls here included Sarah Garnett, who is having her last term at the Institut Alpin. She comes out this season and her grandmother, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, and her mother, Mrs. Mary Garnett, are giving a dance for her at the Savoy on June 21. Sarah, I hear, skis exceptionally well.

After dinner, down in the village favourite ports of call were the "53" Club, with dancing and a Peasants Ball every Thursday night, or the Older Bar where they have a very gay

and amusing carnival every Friday evening.

Visitors of many nationalities were staying at the Palace, with more French people than I have found elsewhere. Among these were the French-born Countess of Granard and her two little daughters who were staying at the Palace and were to be joined by the Earl of Granard a few days later, also Mr. George Ansley and his beautiful wife, who is also French by birth—they had come over from Paris for ten days. His daughter, Miss Penelope Ansley, is coming out this season and her father will be giving a dance for her.

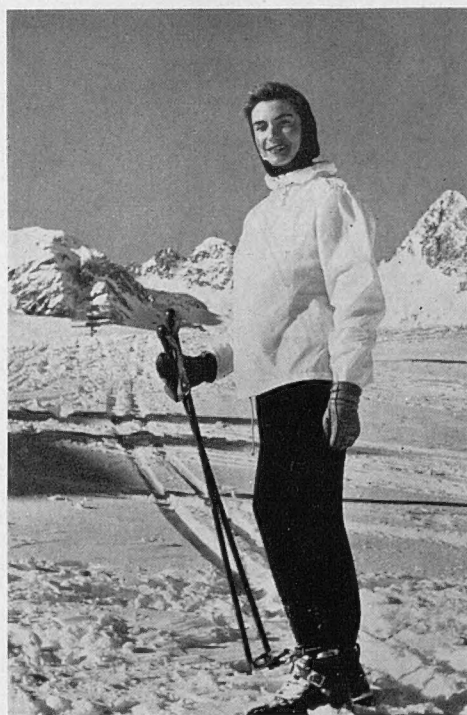
She is being presented by the Duchess of Marlborough at one of the afternoon presentation parties at Buckingham Palace next week.

M. AND MME. MEUNIER and their children had also come from Paris and Count and Countess Camerana had come up from Turin with their little daughter. They have two sons at school at Le Rosay.

I also met Count John de BERN and his very beautiful Spanish-born wife—they had come up from their home at Lausanne for a couple of weeks, but had not brought their five-month-old son with them. They were staying at the Park Hotel, which is another very comfortable, much smaller hotel which has a little bar with fascinating Swiss décor, where guests can dine and dance in the evenings.

The Marquess and Marchioness Townshend and Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Russell were arriving to stay at the Park the day I left Gstaad. They were fortunate in finding such wonderful snow and should by now have had some very good ski-ing.

I MET also Lady Ropner whose elder daughter Merle, a charming quiet girl, who has inherited the family good looks, is studying at the Institut Alpin, Montesano. Her younger daughter, Virginia, who has been making a good recovery from appendicitis and pneumonia, was out with her and they



Mrs. Jack Heaton, wife of the American Cresta rider, was leaving the Corviglia Ski Club for a run down to St. Moritz. The world skeleton championship on the Cresta this year was won by D. W. Connor of Montreal





Mrs. A. A. Duncan, assistant secretary of the Cresta Club, and Mrs. L. C. Ames, wife of the American Cresta rider General Ames



Mrs. Ralph Gore, who was staying at Suvretta House, Mr. Richard Brock and his sister, Mrs. Theda Viola, watching practice on the Cresta



Mrs. Brodie Macdonald and her husband walking outside the Kulm Hotel. Their home is in Somerset

went off ski-ing together whenever possible.

Other young people I met while I was at Gstaad were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke's only son, the Hon. David Verney, who is at Le Rosay, an extremely nice boy who has inherited his parents' sense of humour, Caroline Nares, who like Merle Ropner had come on to the Institut Alpin, Montesano, from Lady Eden's country school in Hampshire, and was looking forward to her mother, Mrs. Derek Hague, coming out for a visit a week later, Daphne Fairbanks, who is enjoying school life here and the ski-ing they practise each afternoon when weather permits, and Glen Allan, who had flown out from England with a party of young friends for three weeks' ski-ing.

**F**IELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY was once again staying in Gstaad and on the Sunday came in to have lunch at the Palace, where he talked for some time with Mr. Ernst Scherz, who owns this and several other equally well-run hotels. After lunch, Lord Montgomery, like many other visitors and inhabitants of Gstaad, went out into the fast-falling snow to watch a magnificent ski-jumping contest for which he had given a cup.

Some of the best Norwegian ski-jumpers, the former world champion Asbjörn Ruud, and other first-class exponents were competing. The event was won by Norwegian-born Arne Nilsen of Gstaad, with two other Norwegians, Sverre Kronvold and Asbjörn Ruud second and third.

★ ★ ★  
**O**n leaving Gstaad I travelled to Wengen. Plenty of snow had fallen here by the time I arrived, and the village was filling up with ski-ing enthusiasts who like to come out late in the season when the days are longer and the sunshine stronger. Like everywhere else in Europe, conditions have been spasmodic this season, but as when I left there was still plenty of snow on the ground, it looked as if much sport could be enjoyed until late in the season.

During my brief stay of forty-eight hours, of which I shall be writing more fully next week, I went in the new cable railway which has been built to take forty passengers at a time to the top of Mannlichen. This has given splendid new facilities to skiers not only from Wengen but also from neighbouring Scheidegg and Grindelwald. Also there is a quaint little chalet restaurant, with incidentally a few bedrooms where you can stay, at the top, and here you get the most delicious fried eggs and bacon with a glass of local wine for luncheon, which on fine days you enjoy out on the terrace which has a superb view.

★ ★ ★

**M**y next objective was St. Moritz, on my way to which I met Sir Arnold Lunn, who joined the train at Lauterbrunnen from Mürren on his way to watch the Inferno race at Innsbruck. He was in his usual good form and while we were talking about ski-ing told me he was very much in favour of safety bindings.

They are, he told me, as great a contribution to the safety of ski-ing as four-wheel brakes are to motoring. Figures recorded at Garmisch showed their value, as one year they hired out 17,000 skis before they were fitted with safety bindings and they had seventy-four accidents. The following season they hired out 25,000 skis, all fitted with the new bindings, and had only seven accidents. These figures speak for themselves.

**A**LTHOUGH more people come to St. Moritz now for the ski-ing than for any other sport, it was the famous St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, founded in 1885, when they created the celebrated Cresta Run, which first brought sportsmen to St. Moritz. It still plays a very important part every winter season here, and this year they had the Cresta Run open from Top. I timed my visit to watch the first International World Championship race down this course, but unfortunately it had

[Continued overleaf]

## THE LURE OF ST. MORITZ

ST. MORITZ has been enjoying an excellent season, fully in keeping with its reputation as the oldest and one of the best of all Swiss holiday resorts



The Marquis de Portago makes a point of trying out the steering of his bobsleigh before taking his team down the track



## Continuing The Social Journal

Recruits and veterans  
of the Cresta

to be postponed, as owing to a patch of bad weather, riders had not been able to get enough practice over the full run. French-born Mr. Claude Cartier has given a magnificent cup which is to be raced for annually as a Challenge Cup, and every fourth year for the Cresta World Championship. The course had not been built from Top since the Olympics of 1948, but it is now hoped to have the full run open every year, weather conditions permitting.

Lord Brabazon of Tara, who incidentally at the age of nearly seventy-two won a race from Junction this season, has just resigned as President of the Club, and the new President is Lt.-Col. James Coats who has also ridden the Cresta for many years, and among other achievements won the Cresta Grand National five times. But perhaps the person to whom both riders and spectators owe more today than anyone in supervising the building of the course, having the numerous course telephones installed, the starting and timing machines fixed, placing the safety watchers along the route, and presiding over all the practice runs as well as the many races he has previously arranged for the season, is that great personality known to everyone as "Mac," otherwise Mr. Fairchild MacCarthy, from Belmont, Massachusetts.

HE got his colours in 1926 but was riding the Cresta several years before that. He has been secretary of the Club since 1948 and comes over from America each winter and runs everything with the greatest efficiency, often in the face of tremendous difficulties, which are bound to crop up with anything like this. Mrs. A. A. Duncan, who works in England for the club throughout the year, is a very efficient assistant secretary. I was amazed to see the meticulous organization for the safety of riders and spectators when I spent two mornings watching riders practice for the great race, from the control



*Miss Elizabeth Morris was waltzing with Mr. John Acheson Naylor. They are engaged to be married*



*On the dance floor Mr. James Clegg and Miss Marilyn Bower were smiling at friends who had just come into the ballroom*

tower at the top of the run. From here you get a superb view of the whole course.

Before the signal for the next rider to start is given, the all clear is received from all sections of the run, but if Mac, who watches every movement like a hawk, sees a spectator or any official a little too near at any point, a message is sent out over the loudspeaker, in English, French, German or Italian, to ask the person to move at once and only when he or she is quite clear is the final order to go given. The riders most fancied to win the coveted trophy as I left were, first, the Canadian rider Douglas Connor who comes from Montreal. He has already won the Curzon Cup and the Swiss Championship this season and up to the time of writing broken all previous records from Junction.

I WATCHED him go down several times. He is a beautiful rider with a neat style and perfect balance, who usually keeps low at Shuttlecock and all the way appears to keep rather low, but goes at a terrific speed, very evenly. The other fancied entrants I watched were Italian-born Nino Bibbia of St. Moritz, who

went down from Top in 57.2 seconds the first morning I was there, Carl Stucki of Switzerland, the young German, G. Sachs von Opel, a complete novice this year, who went down that morning in 58.6 seconds. He won this season's Novices Cup from Junction. Also Prince Constantin von Liechtenstein, Christian Fischbacher of Switzerland, Godfreid Kaegi, who represented Switzerland in the last Olympic Games, and Carl Holland from New York, who was a freshman from Top this year although he has ridden for many years. He has the rather unusual distinction of having won the coveted Curzon Cup a second time in 1951 after a gap of nearly twenty years, having won it first in 1934 when he was up at Cambridge. Another American rider, Jack Heaton, who I did not see practising, was also among the fancied entrants for the World Championship. On the second morning I was watching the practice runs there were three falls, but happily all riders were unhurt.

Firstly the great bell clanged out three times to denote that Kaegi the veteran Swiss rider had gone over half-way through Shuttlecock, then later it rang again when youthful



*Lady Anne Ridley, who is a daughter of the Earl of Scarborough, and Lady Barnard being presented with boxes of Brussels lace handkerchiefs by Miss Rosemary Haggie and Miss Valerie Lawson*



*Mr. Binns-Caldecott, Mrs. Binns-Caldecott, Mrs. and Mr. Jonathan Ropner, Lady Ropner and Sir Guy Ropner. The event, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., took place in Paton and Baldwin's factory ballroom*

## A Carnation Ball at Darlington, Co. Durham, to help the Children





*Mr. O. B. Harris and Miss Gillian Wace took time off from dancing to chat to other members of their party during the evening*

novice Tony Beeley went over the top at the tail of Rise. He had started this run very fast, gone past Church Leap like a streak and was none too steady on the first corners. Later in the morning he did a second run very well indeed. The third fall that morning was when Claude Cartier also went over Rise and had the very damping experience of falling right down into the stream below! But like the other two he was unhurt.

Other riders I saw were the veteran U.S. General Lawrence Ames, his nephew C. G. Ames, both from California, H. Herion, of Italy, who looked rather wild and impulsive and went round 2nd Bank exceptionally fast, Col. Godfrey Jeans, a freshman and promising rider who went down well, N. V. L. Barclay, another good rider also a freshman from Top who recently announced his engagement to Miss Joan Ogg, and E. G. Nelson from Honolulu who has not been riding up to his usual form this year.

I MET Major Richard Birchenough who had again saved up his leave to come here from Malaya to race on the Cresta, and had the satisfaction of being second to Doug Connor in the Swiss Championships at the end of January. Alas, after that he had a very nasty smash over Shuttlecock, losing some teeth and cutting his face rather badly, so he was only a spectator at the practice for the World Championships. Another casualty who was also only a spectator, was Col. James Coats who had his arm in a splint. He had broken it skiing his first afternoon out, having gone down the Cresta Run successfully in the morning.

ON the Saturday night there was the Cresta Ball at the Palace Hotel which was a tremendous success. The President, Col. Coats, and his sister Viscountess Knollys, who looked charming in black, had a party, and besides those Cresta personalities I have already mentioned, others there included Mr. Henry Martineau and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Crammond, the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon, Mr. Hubert Martineau and Mr. Keith Schellenberg who has been captaining a "bob" team in St. Moritz this season, Mr. David Ropner, Miss Malise Armytage, Miss Angela Thornton who was thoroughly enjoying her first winter sports holiday, Mr. David Tate and Mr. Humphrey Humphreys, who like several of the young men I have mentioned came out under the Combined Services scheme. More about the other social life in St. Moritz next week when I shall also be writing about social events in London.

## IN A BLUE AND GOLD MAYFAIR BALLROOM

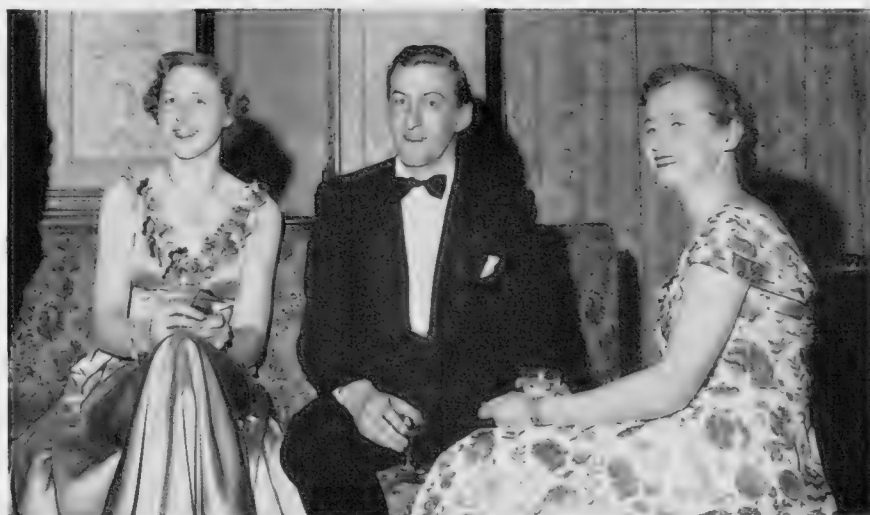
LANSDOWNE House, which was for over half a century the centre of London's social and political life, was the scene of a gay ball attended by nearly three hundred members of the Lansdowne Club and their friends



*Mr. Michael Walker and Miss Jane Knight. There was a running buffet until midnight*



*Mr. Christopher Hodgson, who had just returned from Kenya, was in conversation with Miss Angela Dodd and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Brooking*



*Desmond O'Neill  
Miss Elizabeth Wood, Mr. Edward Freeman-Attwood and Miss Sylvia Stopps were having refreshments during a break in the dancing*



This picture of Rugby School in 1852 shows the Close with an early game of football in progress. From the painting by George Barnard which hangs at the school



Picture Post Library

## THE PEAK OF THE RUGBY SEASON

*J. J. R. TRETHOWAN, who is one of the best known of Rugby correspondents and an expert on Old Boys' Rugby, writes on different aspects of the game and of the people who play it. An excellent raconteur, he recalls many of the season's highlights*

EARLY observations of the new Rugby Laws, which came into force at the beginning of this season, showed quite forcibly that players preferred to learn by experience rather than by study. The object of these changes was to give the outsiders a better chance of opening up the game. To a limited extent it has succeeded. Unfortunately it has put a greater strain on the referee, and has in no way reduced the number of penalties.

Players accept these changes gradually, but, in many clubs, the new law which enables a penalty to be kicked virtually to the side, as long as it travels five yards, still surprises the kicker's side as much as their opponents.

Most presidents of the Rugby Union are prepared to travel up and down the country during their year of office on missions of goodwill. This year's president, W. C. Ramsay, is also the honorary treasurer, so that in any ordinary season he is prepared to give up a lot of spare time to the game. Reared in that school of great Rugger traditions, Mill Hill, he was captain of the Old Millhillians for six seasons, a record for the club.

HE held administrative positions in club and county and is a man with an exceptionally broad and far-sighted outlook. As an instance of this he made a point of going to Sandhurst to see the Royal Military Academy play the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell. His view was that it was not a matter of the thirty players, but of the hundreds of cadets who were watching, and would base their views on Rugger on the type of game that was played. In a matter of months these cadets would be all over the world, playing, coaching and organizing, and would be ambassadors of the game wherever they went. The game itself was played at a tremendous pace, so much so in fact that the referee, Dr. P. F. Cooper, on seeing one of the players on the ground not rising with any decree of alacrity, went up and asked: "Are you hurt or just exhausted?"

The day was cold and Sandhurst won 28-0, but everyone, including the spectators, and certainly the referee, thoroughly enjoyed this exhilarating display of Rugger.

ONE story of the Old Millhillians might be regarded as an epic. Some years ago a new boy, the inkiest the school ever had, turned up with a leg in irons. He wanted to play games but his doctor had forbidden it, so he hobbled up and down the touch line enviously watching. Eventually he went to the school doctor, Dr. Edwin Morley, and asked him if he thought he could play games. The doctor's answer was: "Play and find out." He bandaged his thin leg to make it look normal and did so. Then he met with an accident, and everyone thought that would put an end to his sporting career. He recovered and started all over again. When he left he was a member of the school XV, the cricket XI, the hockey XI and had tied to win the school high jump.

He went to the university and won a Rugger Blue, but still he had to bandage his leg, and ran with a sort of gallop. Nothing could now stop him. He played for England and the final achievement of Peter Howard was to captain his country on the Rugger field. Older players may recall those days when he, with R. S. Spong and W. H. Sobey, fellow Old Millhillians, were known as "The three musketeers."

AGAIN the old cry has risen as to which is the better game, Rugger or Soccer. This time by a doctor in the *British Medical Journal*, who described the game as barbaric. Peter Howard's story does not sound like that. Most reasonable followers of both codes agree that they have only one complaint and that is the people who will persist in comparing two games which are so entirely different.

The international competition is in its early stages, but only the most rabid Welshman will not be glad that Scotland has at last won a match. There have been all sorts of reasons

given as to why Scottish Rugger had deteriorated. There is the theory of John Bannerman, who is said to have wielded too much influence and apparently had not been moving with the times. Another theory was that there were too many old boy clubs, though no one has quite been able to explain why this should have any adverse effect, particularly as the victorious team against Wales included five "former pupils."

Finally, I have heard one Scottish international of some standing affirm that the real trouble has been that they have devoted far too great attention to "sevens" and that hard scrummaging has been overlooked. Now they have found a leader in their full back, A. Cameron, a Glasgow High School former pupil, and with their sequence of defeats broken, they will soon once more become the attraction of the year when they give battle for the Calcutta Cup at Twickenham.

NOW that the Varsity match has come and gone, the best that can be said of it is that it was like a piece of new aluminium—clean, hard but a little dull. It showed the fallacy of the one star man team. The real value of a star outside is that, apart from his own prowess, if he is carefully marked by his opponents, other players have a chance to slip through the gaps so made. P. G. Johnstone, the South African international, was not only the outstanding player on the Oxford side, but he was also their captain. He made the mistake, at the last moment, of playing at stand-off half, where he was neutralized by the Cambridge back row.

Unfortunately, like many other great players, he had an off day and could do nothing right. His threequarters were given no chances and Cambridge won by a penalty goal to nil.

Two of the counties celebrated their eightieth anniversary in December. Kent held a dinner in Maidstone and Surrey held one in London. Neither of these two counties has been very successful on the field, but Middlesex, the county champions, have again reached the





Ken Jones of Newport, South Wales, and the Welsh international, making a run for the corner flag



In an international Rugby match of England v. Ireland at the Lansdowne Road Ground, Dublin, J. H. Hancock (England) passing out to J. E. Williams, England's scrum-half

final and again they will meet the runners-up of last year, Lancashire. As the game is to be played at Twickenham the odds, at the present time, are slightly on the holders.

WE are told that there are not as many international personalities in the game as there were, but Ken Jones of Wales is certainly one and has now thirty-seven caps. From the Welsh point of view it is unfortunate that they do not seem to have a centre who can make the best use of him, because not only is he fast, but he is a very polished and experienced footballer.

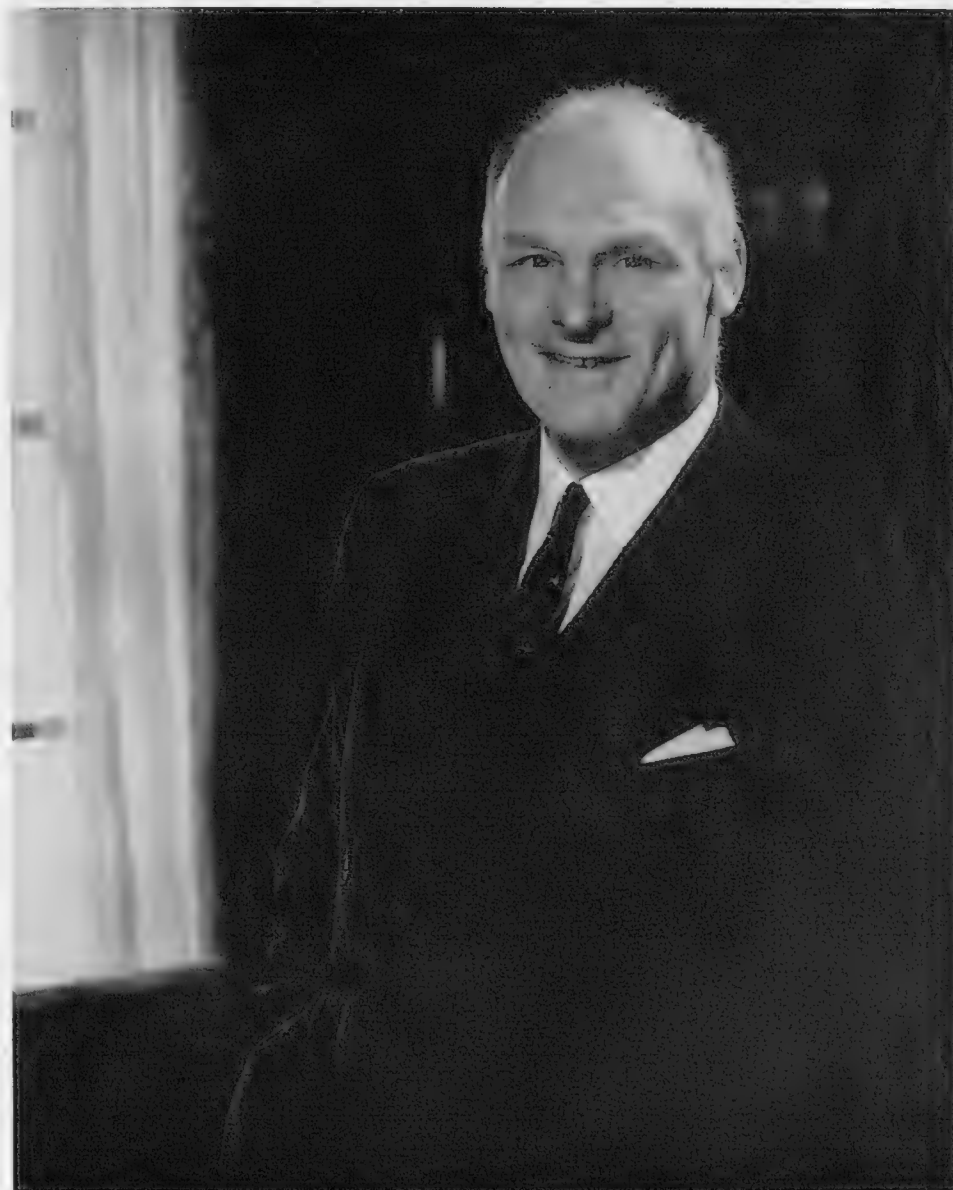
The England pack has already missed the leadership of R. V. Sterling. I saw him play at the beginning of the season, and, whilst he made it clear that he intended to retire from international football, one is sorry to hear that he may have to leave the game altogether on medical advice.

The dropping of Jack Kyle, who has admittedly lost his match-winning bursts, will be hotly debated in Irish circles for there are many who regard him as the most constructive fly-half in the game. Ireland have at least shown that the heavy French pack are vulnerable.

Older players may be pleased to know that one of the great players of the past, possibly the finest fly-half England have ever had, W. J. A. Davies, is still taking a keen interest in the game. He is now rather lame and coaches the Civil Service in London, and what the "Commander" says goes.

A PARTICULAR difficulty minor clubs are experiencing is in improving their fixture list. Fixtures are arranged so long in advance, and so many are automatic year after year, that the smaller clubs have no means of raising their standard of play. It is a problem that the Rugby Union may have to tackle before long. One of the best records this season was made by the Old Bancroftians, who won their first nineteen games. They are only one of many clubs who would like stronger fixtures even if the results might not look so impressive on paper.

The general weakness amongst clubs is the lack of really class centres. This is borne out by the trials. With the halves it was which to take, with the centres it was where to find them. Those able to make openings seemed unable to make good use of their wings. This is a problem which will occupy the minds of the selectors in choosing the party for South Africa.



Eric Coop

SIR WAVELL WAKEFIELD, M.P. for St. Marylebone since 1945, holds the record number of caps for playing Rugby for England (thirty-one). Captaining England for a number of years and never being on the losing side when playing for the Harlequins at seven a side number among his countless distinctions in the world of Rugby football



# Roundabout

—Paul Holt



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN has agreed to a B.B.C. suggestion that he should throw open his home in Hampshire to the many millions of TV viewers some time in April. He will himself conduct the cameras around his house, pointing out and commenting on the many rich relics of his career and the prizes of war he brought home with him.

One such prize will be the Instrument of Surrender he made the Nazi emissaries sign on Lüneburg Heath on May 4, 1945.

To my recollection that was one of the most peculiarly emotional experiences of

We walked daintily, as though afraid to kick up the sand, two by two like small girls in a crocodile, and then found ourselves in a tent. It had a trestle table with a tea urn and plates of sardine sandwiches. I have never felt less like scalding tea and sardines in my life. The tent had the smell you get at flower shows at the end of the day, when the exhibits are being taken away and the light is tenebrous.

Then Monty came in. He was wearing the usual duffel coat and beret and he spoke quietly. He said that a German admiral had come through the lines thirty-six hours before (how he found his way I can't say) and Monty had taken him to his caravan, which was occupied by budgerigars and a large picture of Rommel, to show him maps of the military situation. It was obvious that unconditional surrender of Blumentritt's Northern group of armies was immediately imperative, and the German admiral burst into tears.

Monty related this with relish. He was like a schoolmaster who has taken satisfaction in giving the stinker of the Lower Fourth six of the best.

EVERYBODY was laughing about the weeping admiral when suddenly it struck me what a tremendous drama this was. Not the setting and the occasion but the fact that Monty was telling the full story of the surrender of Nazi Germany before it had happened.

He had sent the admiral away, telling him to be back in twenty-four hours with delegates empowered to sign. They had not yet come back. His voice, a curiously harsh tenor in quality, went cheerfully on.

It was a quarter of an hour more when a young aide slipped into the tent and whispered to him. "Oh, they have, have they?" he remarked pleasantly, as though informed that the ortolans had arrived in time for lunch.

"Gentlemen, shall we walk up the hill?"

And there they were, German generals and staff officers standing outside a small green tent that would have done well for the fortune teller at the garden party. They looked cold.

Monty, who had popped into his caravan to doff his duffel, now came out looking remarkably spruce, carrying a manila folder of papers in his left hand. As he came by—he walks with the lunging strut of a rooster—he gave me a big wink

and said out of the corner of his mouth: "Quite a day, eh, quite a day."

He did not look at the Germans, but sat at the head of the trestle table in the tent, then motioned them to their places.

Again he was the schoolmaster, taking prep.

I could hear his voice from twenty yards away, reading out the fourteen clauses of the Instrument. Then he made them sign, in the order he chose and at the places he chose. He signed himself, got up and walked away. He did not speak, or look at them.

The Germans wandered down the hill, rather slowly.

Their lives were over, so they were in no hurry.

★ ★ ★

THE Yugoslav National Opera and Ballet company has gone home to Zagreb, after some mixed experiences in London. The critics were not kind to them and they were not given enough money to do any shopping. There were tears and a tantrum or two.

Last time they were here they spent a gay evening as guests of Lord Beaverbrook at his country house, Cherkley.

They danced on the lawn and then sat down to a splendid feast; slivovitz, caviare, lobster, champagne, wild strawberries and trimmings. They sang as the jowl of the evening grew bluer.

With an interpreter the host moved among his guests, appreciative of their beauty, envious of their fun. But everywhere he went he was followed by a grave man in a black coat, who sat down and listened to every word he said.



my life. It was all so very English in its atmosphere, yet behind the casualness there was high tension. It was as if great drama had suddenly exploded in a schoolroom during geometry lesson.

MONTY is a man with a passion for tidiness, and that has always compelled him to live well away from his armies and the mess of war. I doubt if he saw his staff officers more than once a week.

So that when I was summoned to him the night before, I knew that my destination would be at some spot forgotten by man and shunned by the birds.

It turned out to be so. After miles of sandy waste we came to a small summit fringed with fir trees as sparse as a Chinaman's beard. White tapes, guarded by the largest M.P.s I ever saw, led us on.



This infuriated his lordship.

When they had gone he sent for his secretary. Knowing what young ladies of the ballet most like he ordered that each one should be invited to choose for herself a pair of shoes of her desire from the best shop in Bond Street, before she went home.

He paused—"And a pair of boots for that darned policeman!" he snarled.

★ ★ ★

WATCHING the Wales-Scotland Rugby match the other day I was struck by the fundamental changes in the tactics of the game that are happening. It's a different game.

The threequarters lie flat. They have become a defensive guard, rather than an attacking spear. You can have a set scrum at five yards and the attacker's ball, and they still lie flat.

Result is that only three times during the match was there a movement by the backs that went cleanly from the scrum-half to the wing. But I counted twenty-seven times (or perhaps twenty-eight) when the fly or centre three cut in and punted short ahead, making it anybody's ball, according to the way it bounced.

And there was one remarkable incident.

A Mr. Smith of Cambridge broke from a tackle and dribbled the ball along the wing, almost from his own twenty-five to the Welsh line, before catching it on the bounce and falling across the line. He did not once attempt to gather it before that.

It was splendid.

If Rugby is going to take to the short punt ahead with a wing forward or centre ready for it, take to the up-and-under for a pack of quick breaking forwards, and take to Mr. Smith, I am going to enjoy the game a good deal.

★ ★ ★

THE United Nations Trusteeship Council has been informed by Brig. E. J. Gibbons, British representative for the Cameroons, that Britain does not intend to abolish the practice of selling brides in these territories. The "bride price" custom is standard in Africa, he said.

"It is considered a custom which promotes social stability and which gives to women a definite feeling of worth and value."

Rates paid for brides in the Cameroons range between £20 and £40.

But why just the Cameroons? The bride price obtains all over the world. In some countries the man pays the girl's father two cows. In others, the bride's father comes across with a fat dowry. There is no difference, whichever way the money goes: The amount is the thing.

One young person I know, on getting engaged the other day, sneaked into Daddy's study where stand on his desk photographs of herself and sisters. On her own portrait she stuck a round red SOLD sticker.

Her sisters are furious.



MAJOR THE RT. HON. GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, P.C., M.P., J.P., the Home Secretary, may be cited as one of the most outstanding sons of Wales who will come to mind when St. David's Day is celebrated next week. The bearer of a famous name, he proved so astute an administrator as Minister of Food in the difficult change-over from rationing to a free market, that he almost caused his Ministry to eliminate itself by its own efficiency—a feat surely unique in the annals of any government. He first entered the House of Commons in 1922 and first took office in 1931, so that his present high standing as a Cabinet Minister is solidly buttressed by Parliamentary experience. At one time he played for the London Welsh Rugby team, and he took the chair at the club's recent Seventieth Anniversary Dinner



## DIPLOMATS DINE OUT TO HEAR NEW SOUTH AMERICAN SINGERS

MANY South American diplomatists and their friends applauded two singers who were making their English débuts at Quaglinos. Below: Mme. Guerrero, wife of the Philippines Ambassador, the Mexican Ambassador H. E. Señor F. A. de Icaza, and Mme. Luders de Negri. Right: The Finnish Minister with Miss Violetta Elvin



### DINING IN

#### The neglected cod

—Helen Burke

TALKING with a leading London chef recently, I was impressed by one of his remarks. It was to the effect that, at one time, over-eating rich foods and drinking too much good wine was a pleasant way of killing oneself, but today both are so costly that no one can afford such self-indulgence. As a result, people are healthier and live longer.

Certainly, the bad old days of over-eating are gone, but the standard of cooking is again as good as it was before 1939. With butter, cream, meat and poultry "free," we cook better—but expensively. For the levelling of costs, however, we can turn to so-called "cheaper" fish—herring, mackerel, sea bream (a lovely fish, this) and cod—good English cod! For me, cod must be grilled.

ONCE a fortnight, just now, I buy 1½ to 1¾-inch compact steaks. I melt a good-sized piece of butter in the grill pan in which after drying the steaks, I place them and at once turn to coat with butter. (Never use the grid itself for fish which breaks easily.) A little flour is sprinkled on them and they are then grilled. When the tops have browned (butter browns quickly) I turn the steaks and treat the other sides in the same way. When brown all over, the heat is reduced slightly, a little hot water added to the pan and the steaks are basted with the full-flavoured essence, seasoning being added to taste.

Instead of poaching cod fillets and serving them with the usual parsley sauce, I prefer to cut them into suitable lengths and grill them, but on one side only. But they are better, perhaps, when coated in batter and fried in deep fat. Vegetable oil or fat is probably the best frying medium.

Try grilling fillets of sea bream in the same way. They have a slight lobster flavour.

WITH my cod steaks, I like to serve mushrooms and tomatoes which I grill in a separate pan (everyone should have two grill pans) and rest above the grill to keep them hot. First, drop a piece of *maitre d'hôtel* butter into each mushroom cap and place another piece on each of the cooked cod steaks as they go to table.

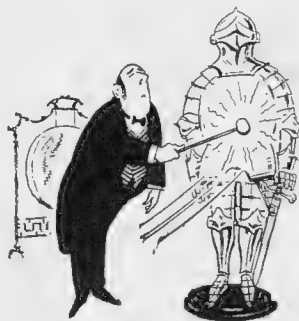
Apart from mushrooms and tomatoes and plainly boiled new potatoes glazed with butter, spinach seems to be the only "usual" vegetable we serve

with fish. But, just now, there is that bulbous fennel, plentiful in all greengrocers' shops where pride is taken in having a good selection of Continental vegetables.

Boil it in salted water until your cooking fork can penetrate it easily. Drain it and press out excess water. Halve and place side by side in a heated shallow buttered oven-dish. Spread with a medium thick Mornay sauce, using just enough Parmesan to flavour it. Sprinkle a little more grated cheese on top and brown under the grill. Fennel is ideal with grilled cod steaks or bream fillets.

Celeriac is another pleasant bulbous vegetable which also goes well with fish. It lends itself to the same presentation as fennel.

Incidentally, if you grill bream fillets, very carefully lift them off their skin on to the serving-dish (they come off easily) for bream skin is not attractive.



### DINING OUT

#### An evil practice

ASKULDUGGERY which offends me to a high degree is that practised by a considerable number of hotels, restaurants and roadhouses. These, when you arrive for lunch or dinner, receive you as if you were the King of Egypt in his heyday and then steer you swiftly into a well-furnished cocktail bar with a barrage of information that in a moment of no matter the *maitre d'hôtel* will appear with the menu. They hope they will be able to fit you into the restaurant within the half-hour; that same restaurant which at the time of your arrival you probably observed was practically empty, and knew perfectly well that even within the prescribed time was likely to be only half full.

There is an easy way of dealing with this situation and that is to ask the head waiter how much money he wants you to spend at the bar before he will let you sit down to your meal. This always produces a most pained expression on the gentleman's face and probably very bad service if you stay, but it does help to stop the rot.

AN establishment as far removed from such behaviour as it is possible to imagine is the Connaught Hotel in Carlos Place, about which an American friend of mine from Pennsylvania remarked: "Sure, this is certainly an elegant establishment," and whether you like the word "elegant" or not, it certainly is. It is one of the few that has retained the charm of the days when high-pressure business and progress were not the predominant factors in one's existence, and immediately upon entering you are reminded that there is still value in leisure and contentment.

The Connaught came to mind because of a small lunch party which took place recently, at which I was fortunate enough to be a guest. It was remarkable for the care with which it was chosen by our host, the skill with which it was prepared by the *maitre chef*, Pierre Toulemont, and in particular the wine that went with the main course. The menu deserves to be reproduced in full:

Neuchâtel 1949	Filet de Sole St. Germain
(A Swiss wine of considerable charm and freshness)	Sauce Béarnaise
Clos de la Vigne au Saint	Poulet sauté Tourangelle
Aloxe-Corton 1921	Pommes Persillées
	Brocoli nature
	Sauce Hollandaise

A. G. Pacheco: Madeira.	Fromages Brie
Bottled in 1927 but pronounced by a considerable expert present to be pre-1850—a wine in beautiful condition and of remarkable strength	Tranche d'Ananas au Kirsch
Hine '14	Crème Fraîche
	Palmiers Dorés
	Café

LEGEND has it that Dom Pérignon, at the moment when he discovered how to make champagne, gave a loud cry of: "Come quickly, I am drinking the stars." When we reached the Clos de la Vigne au Saint we were indeed inhaling the perfume of Paradise, a fine wine matured by age but far from senile. 1921 was a very hot year resulting in many of the wines being hard and ungracious, requiring a long time in the right home for their hardness to disappear. And with this wine there was one other thing that disappeared as far as I was concerned—all the cares in the world.

—I. Bickerstaff



## FRIENDS MET IN CHELSEA AT A RIVERSIDE PARTY

MISS ROMAYNE CAPPER, who was a debutante last year, gave a party for about 100 guests in a friend's house in Cheyne Walk. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ingram Capper, came up from Suffolk for the party



*Mr. Gordon Simpson, Miss Bridget King and Mr. John Denham were having a short rest after some strenuous dancing*



*Above: Miss Romayne Capper with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ingram Capper, whose home is The Mill, Polstead, Suffolk, were waiting to receive the guests*



*Left: Mr. Jack Gore chatted to Miss Fiona Munro while Paddy, the black Labrador, took possession of the chair*



*Mr. Francis Nichols and Miss Louise Daintry were among those enjoying the party held in this charming house overlooking the river*

*Mr. L. F. Sandys-Lumsdaine and Miss Janet Hamilton were having a discussion. Many of the guests were debutantes in 1954*





*The winner of the 1955 Waterloo Cup, Full Pete, wearing the blue riband, with his trainer, Mr. Hardy Wright, and his owner, Mr. Derek Truelove, holding the actual trophy*

## THE YEAR'S GREATEST GREYHOUND EVENT

THE winning of the Waterloo Cup, at Altcar, this year might almost be called beginner's luck, when Mr. Derek Truelove, owner of his first coursing greyhound, Full Pete, a second-season Irish-bred dog, won against owners and breeders with decades of experience

FULL PETE, this year's winner of the Waterloo Cup, and the first coursing dog to be owned by Mr. Derek Truelove, achieved an amazing pinnacle of success for an owner new to the sport, and one who had purchased him from Ireland only two months before.

Full Pete is the twenty-fourth winner to be trained by the Wright family, and is handled by Mr. Hardy Wright, whose kennels are at Cummertrees, Dumfriesshire, and who trained Cotton King, last year's winner. Full Pete is considered to be one of the best all-round greyhounds to come out of Ireland since Guards Brigade won the Waterloo Cup in 1922. This is all the more remarkable since Full Pete's early days were spent with an Irish farmer in Co. Carlow, who treated him as a house dog, only sending him to trainer, James Breenen, to be sharpened off a few weeks before some important coursing event.

In spite of this somewhat casual upbringing, there can be no mistaking the superb merit of his performance. He defeated Mr. H. E. Gocher's Eton Graduate, who has

definitely proved himself to be one of the best greyhounds of the year. This greyhound had a cruel gruelling on the Thursday, yet ran a great and courageous race. Incidentally, there may be an outstanding sporting double in the Truelove family this year, for Mr. Derek Truelove's mother is the owner of last year's runner-up in the Grand National, Tudor Line.

COURSING is a sport that from its beginnings has been popular with both rich and poor. The supposed cheapness of it in relation to other sports is said to be the reason for this, but in actual fact, anyone who seeks consistently for higher honours has found it to be far from inexpensive. Poor men have occasionally purchased a dog for a few pounds and won the Waterloo Cup with it, but that must be considered a chance matter. Very few greyhounds have won the Waterloo Cup more than once, but Cerito was credited with it three times, in 1850, '52 and '53 when it was a thirty-two dog stake. The first recognised coursing club was established in 1776 at Swaffham. In 1825 came the Altcar Club, but it was

not until eleven years afterwards that the Waterloo Cup was instituted.

IT is interesting to note the origins from which spring the titles for various sporting events. The Waterloo Cup takes its name from a certain Waterloo Hotel, the proprietor of which promoted an eight-dog stake in 1836. The numbers steadily increased until in 1857 it became a sixty-four-dog stake.

Coursing is a much older sport than fox-hunting. The first rules for the conduct of public meetings were drawn up by the Duke of Norfolk in the reign of Elizabeth I. Turberville's *Booke of Hunting* refers to meetings held in 1576. He devoted a special chapter to coursing, which he seems to favour in lieu of the more violent sport of hunting the fox, ending it as follows:

*"Whereas in hunting with hounds, although the pastime be great, yet many times the toil and pain is also exceeding great: and then it may well be called, either a painful pastime or a pleasant pain—"*

It seems that Turberville liked to keep his feet on the ground. —D.N.





On the back row of the coach : Mr. G. B. Cary, Miss D. Brannwood and Mr. C. W. E. Cary. On the seat : Mr. R. Ambery and Mr. T. Langton-Birley



Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson watching the coursing from their coach. Sir Eric is the second baronet and succeeded in 1934



Lord Stavordale, son and heir of the Earl of Ilchester, Mr. Harcourt-Wood and the Earl of Sefton, who is the president



The Marquess of Bath, Major Basil Kerr and Mr. Vincent Routledge. The winner of the cup started as a 100-8 shot



Keen followers : Mrs. D. K. Steadman, Mrs. D. R. B. Mathias, Mrs. T. Steadman, Mrs. M. Horlock and Lady Hudson



Mr. G. Noble, Mrs. M. Horlock, Major G. A. Renwick, Miss B. Dobie, Dr. R. E. S. Turner and Mr. M. Horlock



## At the Theatre

# What Shaw intended

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

OBITUARY notices on the grand scale bring a writer's reputation suddenly to full tide; and almost at once the tide turns. Interest in Shaw is ebbing fast. This cannot be helped; but it would be a pity if, through a passing revulsion of taste, the Saint Joan of Miss Siobhan McKenna should get less than the attention it deserves.

Perhaps nothing of the sort will happen. Mr. Henry Sherek has had the good sense to take over the performance from the Arts Theatre and set it running at the St. Martin's. I happened to be out of London on the first night of the transfer, and I was a little dismayed to hear that on the larger stage Mr. John Fernald's production revealed faults that had been less noticeable in the private theatre.

ON going to see for myself I cheered up. The faults are there, but they are not, I think, so serious as to rob Miss McKenna's performance of its distinction nor, incidentally, as to spoil pleasure in a play of a magnificence which shines through the temporary eclipse of its author's fame. The support given to Miss McKenna and to the play is at least serviceable.

It has always been difficult to make up one's mind what latitude of interpretation the part of Joan actually allows.

The personality of Dame Sybil Thorndike emphasized the rational, energetic, almost pert traits which undoubtedly belong to the Maid as Shaw conceives her. Yet the actress's insistence on them, hard to resist while she was on the stage, left us to wonder afterwards if the performance had not to some extent obscured the saintly side of the character.

Mme. Ludmilla Pitoëff crossed from Paris with a Maid who was a saint and nothing but a saint. This, though a conception of much intrinsic beauty, seemed fundamentally at odds with the Shavian intention. Then Miss Celia Johnson essayed a delicate compromise between the bustling peasant girl full of *nous* and the heavenly maid in continuous touch with her secret inspiration. The compromise, though exquisitely judged, was perhaps a little too light in execution to carry complete conviction.

MISS MCKENNA is the first player I have seen in the part to suggest that Shaw's heroine is not the sort of woman who wants to lead a man's life, but an intensely human being who has passed through adolescence without becoming either a man or a woman. She is neither a masculine girl nor an effeminate boy. She has the coaxing appeal of a peasant girl cheerfully indifferent to appearances, the basic quality of a fearless boy. We can see just how she comes to blarney her way round obstructive princes and prelates and just why rough soldiers will follow her across the deadly bridge at Orleans.

This almost puppy-like charm and this heroism are shown by Miss McKenna to be quite consistent with a superb, cocksure adolescent faith in the truth revealed by her "Voices." The performance establishes the absolute purity of the Maid's belief in her own truth, and it becomes easy to understand why the world cannot help using this spiritual force to its own narrow ends and cannot help—once those ends have been served—destroying the force when it threatens to become incalculably disruptive.

Miss McKenna comes nearer than any



THE EARL OF WARWICK (Douglas Wilmer) considers the liquidation of a saint to be most expedient for the English cause

other actress in this play to showing us the way of the world with a saint, and making good the human pathos of the simple inspired creature who triumphs and fails in unbroken loneliness of spirit and is burned.

THE production makes several departures from tradition, and makes none of them seem necessary. The trial scene would gain in momentousness if the Inquisitor's address were delivered more formally, and Mr. Robert Cartland introduces an unexpected note of solemnity into the soldierly comradeship of Dunois with Joan. But the company as a whole get the play across, and the vital scene in which Warwick and Cauchon decide the Maid's fate between them is carried through successfully by Mr. Douglas Wilmer and Mr. Oliver Burt.



JOAN (SIOBHAN MCKENNA), inspired by celestial voices, and fearless in her faith and integrity, is advised by her countrymen to lay down her arms; the petulant Dauphin (Kenneth Williams), the wily Archbishop of Rheims (Frank Royde), and the general, Dunois (Robert Cartland)





Houston Rogers

"THAT'S A LITTLE  
WORD WE NEVER  
USE"

MANY happy returns of the day to Kathleen Harrison, who celebrates her birthday to-day. She is one of our most dearly-loved comedienne, and is currently delighting audiences as Nannie Cartwright in the farce *All for Mary*, at The Duke of York's Theatre, which reaches its 200th performance on March 3rd. Her last stage play was *Waters of the Moon*, which ran for two years at the Haymarket. She is also immensely popular in films and on radio and television

## London Limelight

### Pallid slaves of zeal

"THE GHOST WRITERS" at the Arts is part of the crop of plays and writings raised from the seeds of reaction against McCarthyism. It seems highly probable that the present specimen is by no means a satire on Hollywood, for that task would tax a maestro, but merely a mildly distorting mirror. This, however, does not make it a good or even an interesting play. In relation to *The Big Knife* it could be used to attack a pat of rancid margarine.

Its failure springs from a defect not uncommon in the works of zealots, for in making his case against the tyranny of rabid anti-Communism, the author, Mr. Ted Allan, omits to give any of his characters sufficient charm or individuality to interest his audience in their fate. Even Mr. George Coulouris, putting the energy of a steam-hammer into the part of a blustering and

villainous tycoon, only succeeds in cracking a modest peanut or two. By and large, my sympathy was with this character who had so many inept weaklings in his path. And that, I feel sure, was not the object of the exercise.

THE Arts Theatre Club's new plans sound more promising. There is to be a revival in June of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, last seen here in a film version, with Mary Morris and Mary Ellis, two powerful personalities who should be able to dominate even a stage flooded with Eugene O'Neill's disturbing philosophy. John Whiting, one of our own most promising new playwrights, has translated *Sacrifice to the*

*Wind* from the French of André Obey and this will be produced by Stephen Murray, another favourable augury.

On the same bill, Mr. Murray will be appearing in person in *The Lesson*, by Eugene Ionesco—again a translation from the French. Julian Green has turned his own *South* into English, and Jenny Laird has performed the same service for Charles Dorat's *Eugenie les Larmes aux Yeux*, here to be called *The Midnight Family*. All these plays will run for five weeks instead of four.

MICHAEL BROOKE, TV's latest *enfant prodige*, aged twelve-and-a-half, will be the central character in *Uncertain Joy*, which stars Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans. The play, now undergoing its provincial trials, deals with a problem child and the heartaches of his adoption by a schoolmaster and his wife. It is the work of Charlotte Hastings, author of *Bona-venture*, a lady with an original mind and an excellent feeling for high drama.

Unlike most child actors, who are often problem children in their own right, Master Brooke does not yearn for a career as a perennial phenomena: his intention is to get into the Merchant Navy and to stay there. My heartfelt good wishes go out to him in both his enterprises, for this is rare integrity.

—Youngman Carter



Jerry Stovin, George Coulouris and Andrée Melly  
in *The Ghost Writers*



Roy Gough

## THE STORY OF A DREAM

Michael Redgrave, seen on the set, plays an Air Marshal in the film, *The Night My Number Came Up*. Based on a true story by Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, it concerns an air trip he made in the East and the consequent strange coincidences of a dream. Also in the cast are Sheila Sim, Alexander Knox and Denholm Elliott

## Television

### SUNDAY LOTTERY

— Freda Bruce Lockhart

SUNDAY play-viewing becomes even more a matter of pot-luck than TV programmes in general. One Sunday we may get 1984 or Shakespeare, another *Mazo de la Roche*; last Sunday we had *Candida*, next we relapse into the hayseed of another instalment of the *Whiteoaks Chronicle*. Novelettish romanticism may be easily enough lapped up on a library list; spoken by visible people, the stilted dialogue becomes very hard to bear, although an occasional player injects life into it, as John Justin did into his instalment as Rennie.

Compensation is offered on Monday by a performance from the Liverpool Playhouse of *Robert's Wife*, the St. John Ervine comedy; or again on Tuesday by one of Fay Compton's all-too-rare appearances on TV. This splendid actress, whose talents seem enriched with every year, stars in *Fantastic Summer*, a melodrama about a woman with the uncomfortable gift of second sight.

TV's own powers of second sight into personality are being demonstrated for us with American skill by Ed Murrow, in his "Person to Person" interviews. So far, not all the

persons interviewed have been up to the technique, although Zsa Zsa Gabor's sister gave a lively enough display of froth. Tuesday's interview of columnist Earl Wilson might have more substance, as did that of Dr. Oppenheimer.

Moirá Lister, having succeeded already as actress and panellist, essays yet another branch of TV-craft on Saturday, when she turns to story-telling. Her first story will be "The Chair Mender," by de Maupassant, an author who should be apt to her knife-edged style.

"Quite Contrary," true to its title, has probably given mild pleasure and acute embarrassment in fairly equal proportions. Monday's final session of the present series offers also a last chance to see how truly prettily Mary Parker took to her brief spell of commerring.

Those unable to get to Twickenham on Saturday can enjoy the England-France Rugby International at home.



## The gramophone

### LADIES' NIGHT

THERE are three records of some of the songs from the Princes Theatre musical *Wonderful Town*, which opens to-night in London.

Pat Kirkwood and Shani Wallis share two sides, on which they introduce "The Wrong Note Rag" and "Ohio." Both these ladies do their parts entirely satisfactorily. It is not their fault that the songs fall below par.

Miss Wallis has a single side with, I imagine, the "hit" song of the show. It is called "A Little Bit in Love," and it is all credit to Shani Wallis that she presents it with such easy charm. The coupling to this goes to Dennis Bowen with two short pieces, "A Quiet Girl" and "It's Love." Obviously, Mr. Bowen is trying madly to put something into the grooves, but the effort apparently defeats him.

AND so we come to the two songs from Pat Kirkwood, "One Hundred Easy Ways" and "Swing." Here, again, the material is undistinguished, and both author and composer have to thank Miss Kirkwood for doing something interesting with it. She has enormous personal charm in her favour, but that alone does not qualify any artist on records. It is Pat Kirkwood's zest, intelligent understanding of her job, and years of experience that give her the right to consider herself among the best in the world of the gramophone. The support offered to each of the soloists by Cyril Orndel and his orchestra and the choir is absolutely first class. It is the score of this version of *My Sister Eileen* that doesn't amount to anything much, judging it only as I do from these three records. (Columbia DB. 3568-3570.)

—Robert Tredinnick



## At the Pictures

# The Man of Désirée



Napoleon (Marlon Brando) suspects the designs of Désirée (Jean Simmons)

**V**IEWS on Napoleon differ. One of the least profound appears to be that of Désirée Clary, a Marseilles shop-girl, with whom the young Corsican artillery commander had an early affair.

Her impressions have since been embroidered and expanded into a pseudo-historical novel by Annemarie Selinko. It is the boudoir rather than the battlefield perspective. This coincides largely with the box-office view from Hollywood. And so we come to *Désirée*, 4,000,000-dollar epic on Napoleon's domestic life.

We must be grateful that it shows us the leading screen actor, Marlon Brando, as Napoleon, even though he has to struggle against a flat script. We must be grateful for the authentic splendour of the production—the richness of the Empire sets and costumes; studied down to the jewels on Josephine's toes. But there gratitude ends.

**T**HROUGH Désirée's eyes we are given a superficial glance over Napoleon's whole career from scruffy revolutionary General to resplendent Emperor, not missing out Josephine (Merle Oberon), Marie Louise (Violent Rensing) or Désirée (Jean Simmons). This last girl, it will hardly surprise you, was, of course, his real love. In fact,

Désirée did marry Bernadotte, and so had a front seat on history. Twentieth Century-Fox go further and make her the recipient of Napoleon's sword at his final surrender—but let that pass.

If at times we seem to be watching a superbly mounted charade, it is because the film gobbles so much history and the characters are only cardboard thick.

If the intention of Jean Simmons and scriptwriter Taradash was to portray Désirée as a feather-witted shopgirl, with little understanding of the men and events among which she moved, then they have succeeded. She is pretty, charming, and fills the part adequately.

**B**y looks, movements and personality Brando measures up to the stature of his job. Napoleon was a man of mannerisms, too, so let Brando be. Sometimes his sheer talent breaks through the stilted script. He reveals his best towards the end, as the defeated and betrayed Emperor, when the script dries up and Brando takes over.

Michael Rennie is a dignified Bernadotte. Merle Oberon makes the most of a giggardly part as Josephine. Elizabeth Sellars is on parade, too, but most of the cast just forms part of the décor. With one exception.

One of those strident American children pops up as Désirée's son to remind us we are in the twentieth century.

However, nobody could make a completely dull film on Napoleon.

**L**ONDON AIRPORT gets the full Ealing Studio treatment in *Out of the Clouds*. Detail is so exhaustive that at times it appears like a documentary on how to run an airport. As such it is quite enthralling if you want to learn. Otherwise, it is a nice, comfortable British film with a strong island flavour.

There is a story, indeed several, wandering through the instructional matter, although the airport will keep getting in the way. First we have boy (David Knight) meeting girl (Margo Lorenz). They are *en route* to opposite destinations, but, thanks to the wonder of modern air-travel, they keep on bumping into one another at fogbound London Airport. Finally, they accept the natural consequences.

**A**LSO there is a well-behaved triangle, starring Anthony Steel, glamorous and restless pilot; Robert Beatty, grounded pilot and equally restless Duty Officer, and Eunice Gayson, restful air hostess, with her feet on the ground. A full quota of small parts is filled by James Robertson Justice, Gordon Harker, Marie Lohr, Bernard Lee, Abraham Sofaer, and others.

As a result the film takes off rather slowly with a heavily British load of "characters," atmosphere and humour. It is a good half-hour before the story becomes visible.

There is an excellent sequence where pilot Justice is "talked down" to land in a fog. But I am still baffled by Miss Lorenz's line on first sighting London through a fog in a Kensington back-street: "It is beautiful, this city."

—Dennis W. Clarke



GILLIAN LUTYENS (left), a great-niece of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect, has been rapidly making a name for herself on television. She is under contract to the B.B.C. for two years, with a minimum of six appearances a year



MARY PARKER (right) is one of the many young Australian artistes who have made a success in this country in recent years. She first appeared with Harry Green in *Fifty-Fifty*, and has recently won nation-wide popularity as resourceful comère of the TV show, "Quite Contrary"

## BULLINGDON CLEARED WINTER'S LAST FENCE

FOR those who braved the weather and went to the Oxford University Bullingdon Club races at Crowell, near Chinnor, the point-to-point season opened with a swing. Although it was bitterly cold, the sun was warming at intervals. The course is one of those exceptional ones where every phase of the race can be seen perfectly, and for entertainment there was a bit of everything: colour, excitement, drama and supreme comedy.

The open event had to be run in two divisions, with eighteen and twelve starters respectively. The going was pretty treacherous and many riders and mounts came to grief because of the half-frozen, slippery mud at the take-off for most of the jumps.

ONE rider, the Hon. John Leigh, was even more unfortunate, when he received a severe kick on the head from one of the horses following, after he had come off. On shouted requests for "Doctor!", it was found that not only were there two "doctors in the house," but one of them was none other than the author of *Doctor in the House*. Mr. Leigh, we understand, is making good progress.

The ladies put up a good show in the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race with ten runners. After a close finish, Mrs. Gaskell's Don Isle, which had previously led round the course, was beaten by Miss P. Rushton on Episil, both representing the Warwickshire Hunt.

THERE was excellent sport in all the events, including the Farmers' Race, with fourteen starters, but the highlight of the day was reached in the Maiden Race. This was real fun, and I am sure unprecedented in the annals of point-to-point racing. Of the four fine starters, one after the other fell by the wayside, until only one was left—Mr. A. A. Wallace-Turner on his chestnut gelding, Braidburn, with still two fences to go. They had parted company twice already, and after the penultimate fence it seemed that Braidburn, aware of the lack of opposition, had lost interest in the race.

AMID loud cheering from the crowd, Mr. Wallace-Turner remounted once more and made for the last fence. This time Braidburn flatly refused and stopped dead, while his rider half-fell and half-scrambled over. This was too much for the spectators, and a dozen or more rushed in and bodily pushed and heaved the mildly-protesting Braidburn over the last obstacle. The loudest cheer of the whole meeting greeted rider and his mount as they walked side by side over the finishing-line. It was a most popular win!

— Gabor Denes



*An exciting moment in the Open Race. Going was inclined to be dangerous, owing to the ground being interspersed with sunshine, and the ground became very slippery in front of the jumps.*



*Miss Nicola Redman and Mr. Simon Redman with Mrs. J. A. Redman were following the fortunes of the race from their own "grandstand"*



*Miss Wendie Nixon and Miss Pauline Rathbone, two spectators who were comparing notes in the paddock*





ing to frosts and slight snowfalls,  
the jumps. This was the cause



The Hon. Robin Cayzer, who is Lord Rotherwick's elder son and heir, and Mrs. Cayzer came over from their home, Bletchington Park, Oxfordshire



Mr. V. T. Holt and Miss Pamela Growse were enjoying the day's racing, which included drama, excitement and supreme comedy



Mr. Giles Fitzherbert was chatting to Miss Jane Attenborough outside the Bullington Club tent during a sunny period of the afternoon



Mr. Cob Stenham was adjusting his club badge and talking to Miss Iona Tottenham, who is a great yachting enthusiast and sails at Bembridge



Miss Elizabeth Wardlaw Ramsay was escorted by Mr. Raymond Bonham-Carter, who found an Inverness cape resisted the cold weather

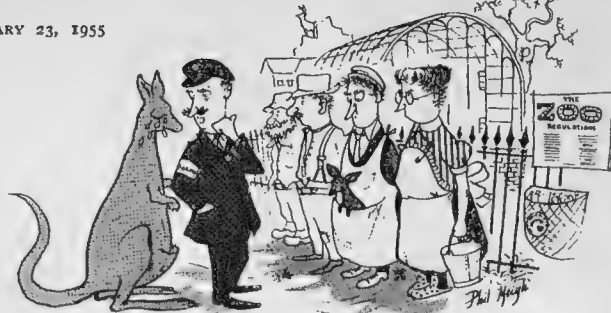


Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, Miss Sara Gore and Mr. Carel Mosselmans. The Bullington shared the honour of opening the 1955 season. It was held at Crowell, near Chinnor, Oxfordshire

Gabor Denes

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...



"Don't worry, we'll find it!"

RAPPING an Aldershot crowd for watching a street-fight between troops and police with grave, steadfast interest, a magistrate was (we thought) rather less than fair to the locals, who suffer more than most of the Race from what the psycho-boys call skoptophilia, or the gazing-impulse.

At Aldershot—if we may remind you of a leading psychologist's theory—this is hereditary, and based on bewilderment. When this picturesque garrison-town was established in the 1840's the civilian minority was about a hundred Army serfs and hostages, driven in by a punitive force from the Surrey hinterland shortly after an inebriated citizen of Dorking was seen to wink *en passant* at a Major-General's niece in Camberley. Succeeding generations of Aldershot tots have all heard the story at their mother's knee, and asked the same questions.

"Pray, Mamma, why did the Army take such swift and terrible vengeance for this deed?"

"Why, my dear, it was not merely a social outrage but a moral one, and the Army is quick to avenge any slur on British womanhood."

"Then why are all the civilian women in Aldershot kept locked up and veiled?" (*Thump, exit.*)

This is simply the old Croydon purdah-system handed down by their forbears, but it sets up an insoluble conflict in the Aldershot mind, especially when a brawl is in progress. How angry the soldiery seem to be! Can it be that the police have been discovered lacking in chivalry? Yet what about all those grilles, bolts, and bars? Enigma.

## Hats

MOST women will not look very attractive, according to the Fashion Page boys and girls, in one or two of the more "difficult" hats lately exhibited at the Paris dress-show of the strong and subtle Spanish maestro, Balenciaga. But most women, a chap in close touch tells us, do not look very attractive in anything; in which case a hat resembling (*vide Press*) a large tambourine or cinder-sifter would be neither here nor there.

The fact that some tiny Nordic sweetheart will infallibly fall for that big Spanish tambourine reminds us curiously of a portrait of fascinating and unutterable pathos (painter unknown) hanging on a club wall. It is that

of a dear little idiotic Early Victorian actress dressed as a drummer-boy, happily beating a large drum. She feels her drum "expresses" her, obviously. Her big innocent eyes proclaim it, her friends have no doubt of it ("Darling, it's simply you"), and the wicked painter has led her up the garden likewise, poor sweet, grinning like a Barbary ape. We can see her looking up imploringly at some leering nobleman whom she has just entertained with a tattoo. Pleathe, my lord, when you take me and dear Mamma to Pawith, may I bwing my dwum?

The same pathos continually envelops numbers of the memsahibs when they get into the clutches of some of the hat boys. It's a mistake, we're told, to assume that the boys feel no pang of remorse. They often do. Natural cynicism then reasserts itself and they laugh their elegant pants off.

## Reprieve

WE are now taking you over—very firmly, and if necessary by force—to the South Coast, where something interesting happens almost weekly, and where the big boys of Worthing have just banned a Sunday Punch-and-Judy show on the front at the demand of citizens convinced that it tends to "lower the dignity of the town."

True enough it is that Punch in his original 17th-century British incarnation is a far more bloodyminded ruffian than his Neapolitan grandfather Pulcinella, of the Old Italian Comedy. On the other hand the discreet Punch-and-Judy boys have toned down his goings-on considerably over the last hundred years, and with a little encouragement could (we think) bump him up to South Coast level quite easily. Instead, for example, of tossing his wife out of the window, very early in the proceedings, Punch could reveal to her a secret love of Worthing and a longing, shared by Judy, to proclaim its dignified delights.

PUNCH (*depressed*): Cops! Clowns! Executioners! Dogs! Sausage-manufacturers! Fat, rude old women! I wish we knew nicer people.

JUDY: There are some awfully nice people staying at the Magnifique—the Gumley-Barkinsons. (*Deep sigh.*)

PUNCH: The Magnifique! Is that not the finest residential hotel in the South?

JUDY: Spacious and elegant public rooms, 15 bathrooms, 150 delightfully-appointed bedrooms with O-So-Kozie mattresses, all-British cuisine, Looey Quinze American Bar, concert every Sunday—

PUNCH: A veritable Paradise! This is indeed the Biarritz of the South Coast! (*Anxiously*) Would the Gumley-Barkinsons speak to us?

JUDY: They don't speak to anybody. Nevertheless the many and varied attractions of the pier (etc., etc., etc.).

And so forth, working up to the final ceremonial entry of the Mayor and Councillors bearing the freedom of the borough. Nice? Thanking you one and all.

## Slipup

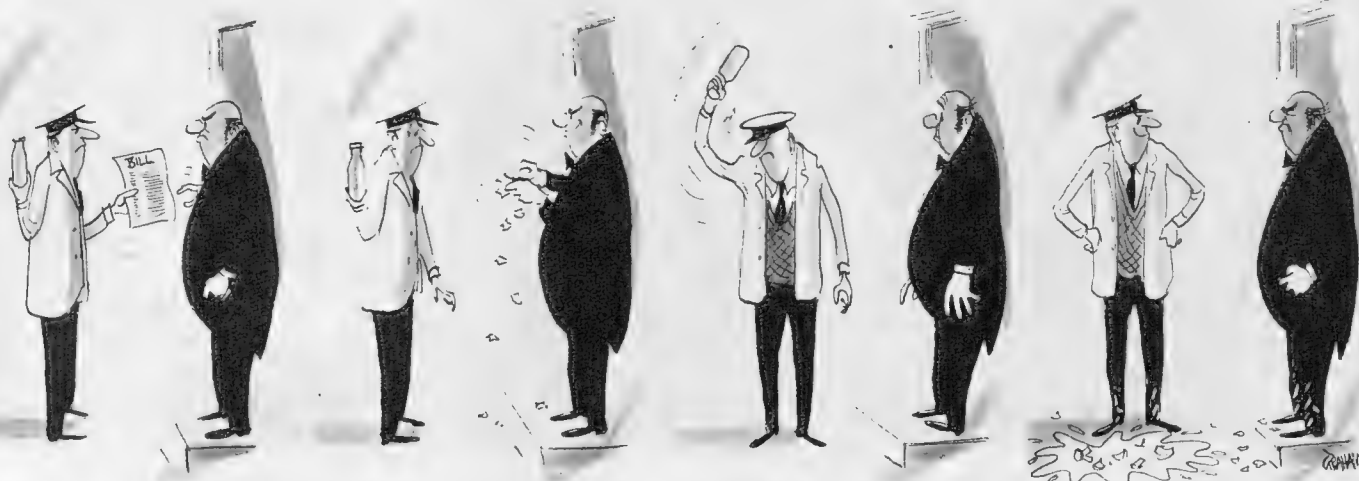
CATCHING out the top crime-thriller boys and girls over some technical lapse is, as a thoughtful minx has admitted to a Sunday paper, increasingly difficult, owing to their damnable dexterity; but when one can do so, a smug feeling ensues. To this we can testify, having by chance been enabled to detect none other than the late regretted maestro A. E. W. Mason in the commission of what looks like a "Key" bloomer.

One of his later stories opens with a British gentleman-crook swiping a string of historic pearls in London and selling it for £10,000 to a reputable jeweller in the Place Vendôme. Such a sale, a Parisian lawyer assured us, would under long-standing police regulations be possible only if the vendor were (a) an accredited dealer, or (b) a person for whose bona fide possession of the stuff the jeweller was prepared to vouch instantly. As the crook is neither, we conjecture the genial maestro nodded. Being a fastidious craftsman, he would undoubtedly, on discovering this, have corrected it, whereas most booksy boys, we fear, would snarl "The hell with it!" counting, like politicians, on the dumbness of you white men to get away with anything.

## Afterthought

WE regret having to look askance at the boys' literary integrity, but what about our own? Eh? What? "Responsible citizens nuts. So am I," says the scornful show-girl to the cops in the Broadway comedy when the party is raided and the business men are squealing. With this sobering thought let us trip on, humming a pensive stave.

~~~~~ BRIGGS ~~~~~



—by Graham





*The Hon. Mrs. John Fermor-Hesketh, vice-chairman, with Major Frank Lockwood and Mrs. Murray Laing*



*Mrs. Bill Linnit, who was a committee member, chatting with Miss Elizabeth Allan, the actress, during the meeting*



*The Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer, wife of Lord Rotherwick's son and heir, was talking to Mr. Henry de W. Gillispie*



*Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig and Prince Axel of Denmark, who were among some of the thirty committee members present*

## BALL WAS PLANNED FOR OSTEOPATHY

THE first meeting of the committee for the British Osteopathic Association Ball, of which Princess Marie-Louise is President, was held at the London home of the Hon. Mrs. J. Fermor-Hesketh



*Countess Beatty, Brigadier Richard Gambier-Parry and Earl Beatty were having a drink together after the meeting*

*Desmond O'Neill*



THE PRINCESS ELISABETH OF LIECHTENSTEIN, only daughter of Prince and Princess Alfred of Liechtenstein of Carinthia, Austria. Prince Alfred is a cousin of the reigning Prince of Liechtenstein. Princess Elisabeth, who is half-Italian, lives in Paris, where she is studying dress design



COMTESSE CHANDON DE BRIAILLES, wife of Comte Frederic Chandon de Briailles, is seen in their beautiful house in the Avenue d'Orsay, Paris. Her husband's family owns a world-famous champagne business at Epernay. The Comtesse, who is the second daughter of the Count and Countess Sanjust di Teulada, is a gifted artist and for some time studied painting at the Academy Julian in Paris. She has a baby daughter

## Priscilla in Paris

# Regiment of the "Line"

IT becomes an obsession! The waist-line . . . the hem-line . . . the neck-line . . . our lovelies can speak of nothing else. Trying to keep my end up in the discussion of a topic that does not interest me particularly, I lightly murmured: "And what about the Plimsoll line, duckies?" This cast a blight. It seems that one must not joke about La Mode.

I realised this next day when I saw such personages as Mme. Bonnet (diplomacy), Germaine Beaumont (literature), the Comtesse Hallez (travel), Mme. Max Ters (bridge), M. Jean Cocteau (the arts in general), Francis Poulenc (music), and Mme. Marcel Idzkowski (the social round) squeezed, just any old how, into the throng of Somebodies at Dior's presentation at the quite impossible hour of 10 a.m. The front-rowers must have risen at dawn!

I arrived rather too late to be able to form an opinion about the "A" line that is now ousting the "H." I have a feeling, however, that by pulling the top of the "H" together and allowing for a straddle at the base, the desired effect can be obtained without undue strain on the exchequer—the strain, if any, being confined to certain seams.

THE Bernac-Poulenc concert at the Salle Gaveau was one of the rare happy moments of an unhappy week of political calamity. It was not only a concert but a birthday party as well, celebrating, as it did, the twentieth anniversary of a faultless team: Francis Poulenc, the most delicately enchanting of composer-pianists, and Pierre Bernac, whose voice—like Yvonne Printemps—plucks at one's heart-strings. Not a voice of exceptional power and range perhaps, but a voice trained with such tact and fine understanding of the music it interprets that it attains perfection.

The Salle Gaveau was packed with an enraptured audience and, regardless of Rimmel's and other make-up, tears were seen on many cheeks when the moving melody of *Le pont de Cé* filled the hall.

"EXQUISITE . . . enchanting . . ." were the comments heard on all sides as one left the Gaveau building. I also heard: "Exquisite, that ermine cardigan at Balmain's" and, "*ma chère*, DID you notice Lucky's diadem of violets at Dior's? Too, too enchanting. It matched the design on the frock!" Another lovely mentioned Patou's ukase: "Few jewels, but GOOD!" a little ruefully she added that while she could easily manage "few" the "good" was not so good.

Chanel, it seems, is "just right" for the American market, and "her perfumes, of course, are always divine!" Buttons (as ordained by all the *haute couture*) instead of





## AT HOME IN THE AVENUE FOCH

**M**ME. MIGUEL CARCANO, daughter-in-law of a former Argentine Ambassador to Great Britain, photographed in her lovely apartment in the Avenue Foch. Mme. Carcano, who is one of the most elegant women in Paris, has many friends in England, her husband being a brother of Viscountess Ednam and also of the Hon. Mrs. John Jacob Astor

F. J. Goodman

zips does not appear to be a pleasing idea, but at that moment I caught the eye of a prowling taxi-driver.

As I drove to Roberta's cabaret hoping to be in time for Renée Passeur's *tour de chant*, I pondered on the reason of this hostility to buttons. Is it because buttons come off? The answer to that is: zips sometimes jam! And, anyway, do lovelies ever sew on buttons?

**I** ARRIVED at the Avenue Montaigne in time to catch Renée Passeur's number. When she married Steve Passeur, to whom the stage owes such fine dramatic comedies as *L'Acheteuse* and *Je Vivrai un Grand Amour*, she was welcomed as Paris always welcomes a beautiful woman. She has wonderful eyes and a Queen Alexandra

coiffure that strangely becomes her. In those days, she wore monstrous hats that also suited her very well but that were hated when one sat behind them at a *première*.

**S**UDDENLY, a year or so ago, she appeared in a revue with great success. Just now she is entertaining us with five songs *chez Roberta*. Just as one must have seen and heard Piaf, Patachou and Juliette Greco, so must one see and hear Renée Passeur. It may be possible to dislike her—the three graces just named have their detractors—but it would surprise me.

It would also surprise me to hear that the frilly, ribbon-trimmed pantalettes that reach bunchily below the knee, as shown in the Desses' collection, find favour with our lovelies!

Clouzot, king of the horror film, has again rung the bell with *Les Diaboliques*, but while *The Wages of Fear* was brutal-horror, this new film is beastly-horror! In the whole, gloomy nastiness of the story there is only one person in whom one can find a redeeming trait. That person is the wife who plans and helps in the murdering of her husband.

This, I think, tells the lovers of sordid melodrama what they may expect.

## Ceinture de . . .

● Heard in a fashion causerie over the air: "Belts will be of classic shape; nothing exceptional, but they can be placed everywhere except at the waist."

# Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen Mr. Greene in Monaco

GRAHAM GREENE'S *LOSER TAKES ALL* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is well called by its author "an entertainment." It keeps one keyed-up, from the first word down to the last. It not only (as my fellow-reviewers and I say) grips; it diverts and pleases. Why there should be pleasure in reading about an appalling situation, I cannot say—why, for that matter, do we enjoy crime stories, in which sympathetic and blameless persons go through the horror of being murder-suspects?

There's no denying, one does get pleasure out of any predicament one is not involved in—"Badly off," one feels; "as I may be, I'm not, at any rate, in quite such a hole as that!" And many of our best comedies are sadistic: what is quicker to raise a laugh than an embarrassment of an excruciating kind?

BUT the pleasure one gets from *Loser Takes All* is not—I certainly think—sadistic. Artistic would be the better word. For here is a tense tale, beautifully turned, kept spinning. A honeymoon couple played cat-and-mouse with by a capricious, forgetful business magnate. The "I" of the story is an accountant with an authentic mathematical flair: it so happens that, on the eve of his marriage, he does his boss a good turn by spotting a defect in an adding-machine.

The Gom (contraction of G.O.M.) reciprocates by an Arabian Nights whim—the marriage shall take place in Monte Carlo (not, as arranged, in a Maida Hill church) and the honeymooners are to be the Gom's guests, in Monte Carlo's leading *de luxe* hotel, for a day or two till he, in his yacht, puts in, pays up and sweeps them off for a cruise.

The marriage, as ordained, takes place. The suite is enjoyed. The Gom, however, fails to show up. Up, day by day, mounts the nightmarish hotel bill.

NOR for nothing, though, is this Monte Carlo. What of the tables? This is a gambling story. And, this is by no means the first work of fiction Graham Greene has classed as "an entertainment." *Stamboul Train* heads the list; *The Ministry of Fear*, *A Gun for Sale*, and two or three others are also on it. As I see things, Mr. Greene uses this device not in order to make any special claim (for any novel from his pen, however majestic or drastic, is entertaining), but to issue, rather, a disclaimer. He does not, he seems to be telling us, propose to get in deep with his characters this time. He will not, this time, be using a depth-charge. He will not be raising issues of life and death, salvation or damnation. Or, at any rate, not if he can help it.

*Loser Takes All* is in no sense a comedy. But for its having a happy ending, one might call it a tragedy, given an artful twirl, so as to render it unhurtful. The bride, Cary, beautiful, high-spirited and



AN ANCIENT AND PICTURESQUE ART is traced through history with great liveliness and scholarship in *Topiary*, by Cecil Stewart (Golden Cockerel Press; £5 5s., or £3 3s., according to binding), a production entirely worthy of this Press's great tradition. Above and below are two of the delightful colour engravings by Peter Barker-Mill which decorate the book

obstinate, looks like suffering badly in the course of the tale. Her husband's gambling obsession, dehumanising and numbing him day and night, acts on the honeymoon like an infidelity; the success of his system looks like the Devil's work. (Of the system—which I could not fathom—readers, take note!)

The end, with its shifting tensions and play for power, is superbly written; but then, so is the whole. *Loser Takes All* is a short book; but not short value: it more than repays re-reading. It is not meant, its author says, to discourage gambling. Nor do I fancy that it will.

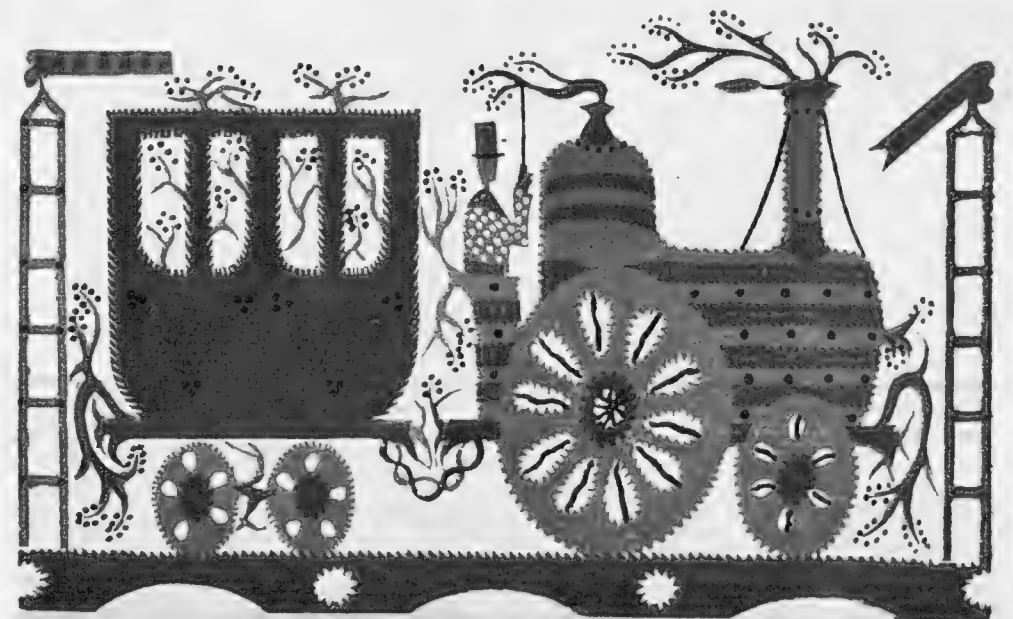
★ ★ ★

THE LAKERS, by Norman Nicholson (Robert Hale; 18s.), is sub-titled "The Adventures of the First Tourists." The title itself is drawn from a long-defunct comic opera—that the author should have made this happy find no more than demonstrates what one already feels: that Mr. Nicholson is familiar with every word ever written about the Lake District. But he is more than well-read; he is a poet into whose very being the spirit of the region seems to have passed. He was born at Millom, Cumberland,

and there has lived nearly all his life; his native countryside has been the inspiration of his prose, his poetry and his plays. As topographer he has been second to none: his *Cumberland and Westmorland* (in the County Book Series) is a standard work.

HE has now, however, devised something new in the way of literature. *The Lakers* is neither descriptive nor a guide-book. "This," the author says on his opening page, "is not going to be a book about the Lakes, but about the way people look at the Lakes; not about the fells, but about a view of the fells." He will do more than enumerate the distinguished visitors who have, for centuries, come, seen, wondered; he will analyse their vision.

How far *had* they the faculty of wonder; how much did they really and clearly see; how far did the unimaginable beauties of the landscape become blurred by their personal subjectivity, or distorted to suit their æsthetic theories? . . . Mr. Nicholson gives us studies of famous people, from Celia Fiennes (the Banbury "lady on a white horse") to the latest and last of the Lake poets and the Victorian moralists who





succeeded them. All are shown in relation to what they saw.

He calls the first group of travellers "explorers." The increasing security of England, from the end of the seventeenth century on, brought about a change in the attitude to Nature—which, in the Middle Ages, had been dreaded as something mysterious and menacing. The wilds were now to be sought for their own sakes; and the Lake District, with its extraordinary conformations, offered itself to scientific curiosity.

THE intrepid Miss Fiennes recorded her impressions in jumbled prose; others provided clearer notes. Next came the cult of the Picturesque—which, Mr. Nicholson tells us, "was primarily an attempt to educate the eye to a new way of looking at the natural world. In its simplest and purest sense the word had none of the implications of rusticity and quaintness which it has to-day." Dr. William Gilpin (one of whose drawings is reproduced) was among its earliest exponents. And to the Lakes devoutly came Thomas Gray: years had prepared the poet for this pilgrimage. Upon a complex temperament such as his, and, later, Coleridge's and De Quincey's, the extreme of Nature was to work in a subtle way—sometimes exalting, sometimes over-disturbing. The poet Southey, who set up house and raised his family in this region was, it seems, more of a Laker than a poet.

A whole chapter is given over to the Wordsworths. Lovely extracts come from Dorothy's diary. The other women of the pen, gentle, short-lived Elizabeth Smith and vigorous Harriet Martineau, reacted to the sublimity and solitude. And soon, too soon, a genteel-romantic craze for the Lakes set in—one was nothing if one had not visited them.

*The Lakers* is more than a good book; I do not doubt that it will become a classic. Few of the many quotations the author gives exceed in energy and beauty, imagination and exactitude, his own prose. The illustrations (photographs, and reproductions of sketches and paintings) are remarkable. I could have wished there had been a map.

★ ★ ★  
OF John Blanford's POEMS (Mitre Press; 10s. 6d.) some are angry, some are heroic, some are nostalgic, and some are lyrical. The author has seen service in two wars, between which he lived, worked and travelled in the Far East. The soldierly note is unmistakable and stirring; so is the imaginative susceptibility to the Orient, in particular China. And those who share Major Blanford's indignations against certain deformities of our time will relish his sturdy poetic wrath.

Myself, I was happiest with the Kentish poems: this man of Kent (who served with the Buffs) gives voice, in his verse, to love for that splendid county. One re-enters Kent in his pages: could one ask more?

★ ★ ★  
THE HOUSE IS FALLING, by Nigel Fitzgerald (Crime Club, Collins; 10s. 6d.), is the third and, I think, so far the best of this author's Irish detective stories. We're in the West once more: in a tall, somewhat frowning family house.

The house-party, from the outset ill-omened, terminates with its hostess's fall downstairs—Superintendent Duffy, called in, diagnoses murder. Who set that trap for poor Mrs. Cliffe-Barry? Many had cause to. And, to crown all, everything happens in race-week.



At the private view: Miss Patricia Ainley, Cdr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cohen, Mr. Antony Gibbons Grinling and Mrs. Grinling looking at Mr. Grinling's wood carving "Nineteen"

## ONE SHOW ILLUMINATES TWO APPROACHES TO ART

TRADITIONAL and modern art mingle without turmoil at the National Society's second exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, where work in many media is to be seen



Mr. Ernest Thesiger, the actor, was going round the exhibition with Mrs. Richard Hinks at the private view



Mr. Stanley Grimm, R.O.I., R.P., the Society's President, was showing Mrs. Iain Macnab a painting

Clayton Evans

## SIR GORDON ON THE RINK

HERE a regular winter visitor to St. Moritz, Sir Gordon Richards, is seen practising with a curling stone on the Kulm rink. Sir Gordon is a very keen exponent of this old Scottish game, which has taken firm root in many Swiss winter sports centres



George Konig

## At The Races

## LOWEST EBB OF CHIVALRY

A HORSE cannot be seasick like you and I, and, therefore, when he goes to sea, he feels worse than we do, because, whilst we can unpicturesquely get rid of our burden, he cannot. The obvious remedy is that we ought not to send him to sea at all; but as this is unavoidable, all we can do is to make it as little unpleasant for him as possible, and punish anyone who does anything to increase the suffering which he has to endure.

The horse-for-food trade has been in existence for a very long time, unhappily, and, in spite of mechanisation, is on the increase because there is such a lot of money in it. Our cavalry and guns are no longer horsed; nevertheless, horses go overseas for other purposes. Many people in various countries have tried to stop this export, and all have failed. There could only be one way to stop it, viz., by inducing people to stop eating horses; but, if figures are any guide, they seem to be fonder of doing so than ever. Horse meat is cheap, and the world of to-day is,

generally speaking, very poor. Hence this repugnant trade.

Compared with what it was even ten years ago the cruelty involved is much less, but, despite legislation, some of it goes on.

To take one item, why is it necessary to brand these poor animals after they are landed? There are plenty of humane methods of securing identification, and these must be well known to the dealers. The higher class horse, as we know, goes by air as a rule, but these poor animals, who are destined to be eaten, have a rough time, however much trouble may be taken to avert it. We are told that they are watered and fed twice a day, and I am sure that this is so; but in the past there have been instances when this was not so, and we have heard many hideous tales.

Let us now turn to a more pleasant subject, the Grand National.

Here are a few first impressions about some of the horses which it may pay us to have batting on our side in this spring: Irish Lizard,

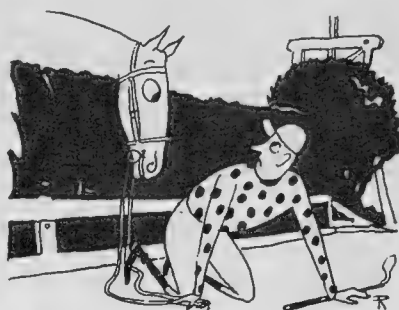
Mariner's Log, M'as-Tu-Vu; this, bearing in mind the rather important fact that the first essential in the Grand National is to jump the fences, and secondly to have the determination to keep on keeping on, even when you are very tired. Personally, I should not be very much surprised if H.M. the Queen Mother's determined little horse won it, and another, which must be in the first three, is Irish Lizard. All this providing always they do not scatter themselves going at that insane five-furlong pace at the first fence!

EVERYONE has his own ideas as to how he would ride the Grand National. I never got the chance, personally, but had I done so I should have made up my mind to let the acrobats and tumblers do their stuff first, and then picked my place as near the inside as possible, and started race riding when I knew I had got him balanced, but not before!

Hasten slowly is surely the real motto for this and many another contest? It is a long journey and nothing is gained by bustling away at the start in order to get a position. There is plenty of time to do that after things have straightened themselves out a bit, and I am sure that it would pay in the end.

There is all the material for a first-class field, and I am sure that we shall get one. I believe, and hope, that Lord Rosebery will win the Lincoln with Minstrel, and it is probable that Galloway Braes will win the Gold Cup from Halloween, with Lanveoc Poulmic lying very handy, for I think we shall find that he is the fair owner's selected.

—SABRETACHE





## A MID-WEEK RUN WITH THE AVON VALE

THE George Inn, in the picturesque village of Sandy Lane, on the Marquess of Lansdowne's estate, was the scene of a meet of the Avon Vale recently. The country adjoins the Duke of Beaufort's, which lies to the north



Colonel F. H. Sutton was walking over to a vantage point as Sir Gerard Fuller, Bt., the hunt joint-Master was about to move off



Capt. Frank Spicer, the joint-Master, waits with hounds for the field to arrive. He brought over twenty-seven and a half couples that day from Spye Park



Left: Lady Avice Spicer, wife of the joint-Master, followed in her Land-Rover and was having a word with the Hon. Mrs. Henry Allsopp



Right: Josephine and Christine Finch, two representatives of the Pony Club and keen followers of the hunt, were looking forward to a good day's sport



This classically cut, beautifully tailored suit can be worn right away under its matching double-breasted top coat. Marshall and Snelgrove at Scarborough have this three-piece which costs 30½ gns.



# "A girl's best friend is her tweed!"

## A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

COULD well be the exclamation at sight of this pastel coloured Scottish bouclé tweed three-piece. Travella make it in a light-coloured mixture of pinky blue and oatmeal—more practical than it sounds, and madly becoming. It makes a wonderful travelling outfit. As the days grow warmer you will want to wear the suit alone or top your lightweight spring-into-summer dresses with the coat. Its mixture of pale pastel colourings will go with any of them



This tiny beige straw boater, with its light veil, also from Marshall and Snelgrove of Scarborough, is finished at the back with a matching, flat petersham bow. It costs 11 gns.

The suit is cut with short revers and a rather long basque. The vertical pockets are finished with a button whilst the skirt has three box pleats at the back which makes it superbly comfortable for walking, or motoring



Michael Dunne

# *Launched in London salons, proved for the street*

THE majority of the Members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, who showed their collections just before the French shows started, offered us pleasing and unexceptional clothes that, however erroneously, we felt we had seen before. A little change, however, was there, and colour—strong, lovely colour—was everywhere! Materials, both British and French, silks, wools and cottons were wonderfully fine and a joy to handle, and when colour and texture were combined with good design and workroom technique we felt the excitement and enthusiasm that comes from looking at any real work of art

—MARIEL DEANS



"Promenade," a jumper suit and long coat by Digby Morton, is made of a white fabric threaded with black and white wool and trimmed with a black neck band. The hat is by Rudolf



John Cavanagh's navy alpaca dress, trimmed with white and red striped silk, is softly draped on the hips and has a narrow pleated skirt with a wide box pleat at the back



"Femme Fatale," Hartnell's charmingly pretty afternoon dress in dark grey wild silk with a white spot. The black straw hat is by Claude St. Cyr

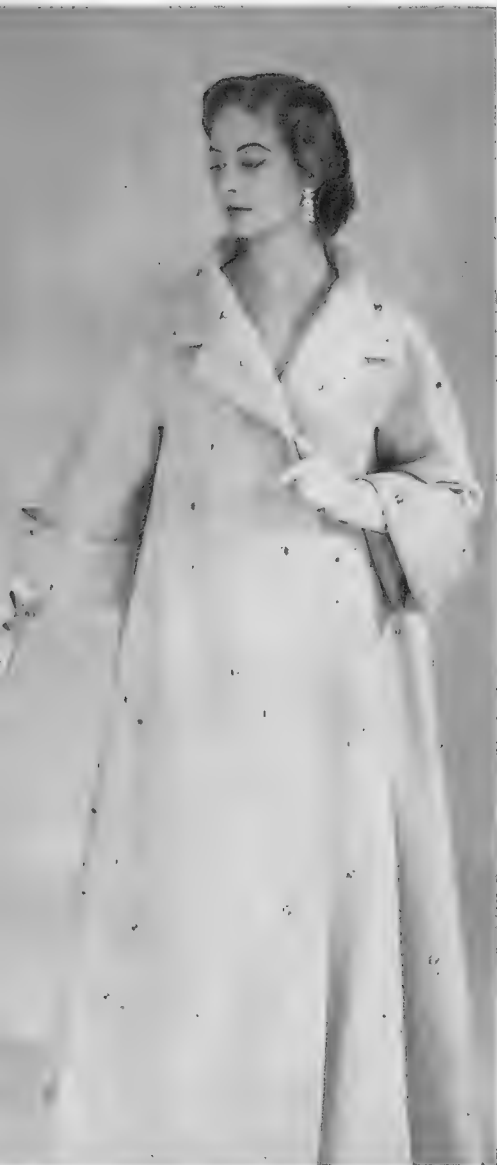


Mattli's lovely glowing afternoon two-piece—his vivid Rico red silk and wool topcoat worn over a black and white silk print frock. The big straw hat is by Madame Vernier





An enchanting ball gown from Victor Stiebel. The asymmetrical bodice is of pale blue grosgrain, the skirt white organza, worked with sprays of blue mimosa



Ronald Paterson's dramatically beautiful evening coat "Premier" in pink gold ottoman wool studded with pink jewels has long flowing lines and enormous unforced chic. "Marlene" is an evening dress of blond jersey designed by him to wear under the coat



*Here is luxury and line*

BELOW is a very lovely evening coat in copper-coloured satin by Worth. This short-waisted, double-breasted model with its full skirts has a Directoire look about its cut





Cerise silk jersey evening shorties, diamanté embroidered at wrist. 18s. 11d. Pink, with beaded cuff. 18s. 11d. Obtainable from Fenwicks

## *The details that mean so much for "Tonight at 5.30"*

*ACCESSORIES for the cocktail hour are an important item if you want to be at your best. Here, therefore, are some suggestions which may help to give distinction to the party outfit. —JEAN CLELAND*



Hand-painted satin evening bag in the most delicate of colourings, £12 12s. 0d. Seguenette evening bag, £6 6s. 0d. Stocked by Debenham and Freebody

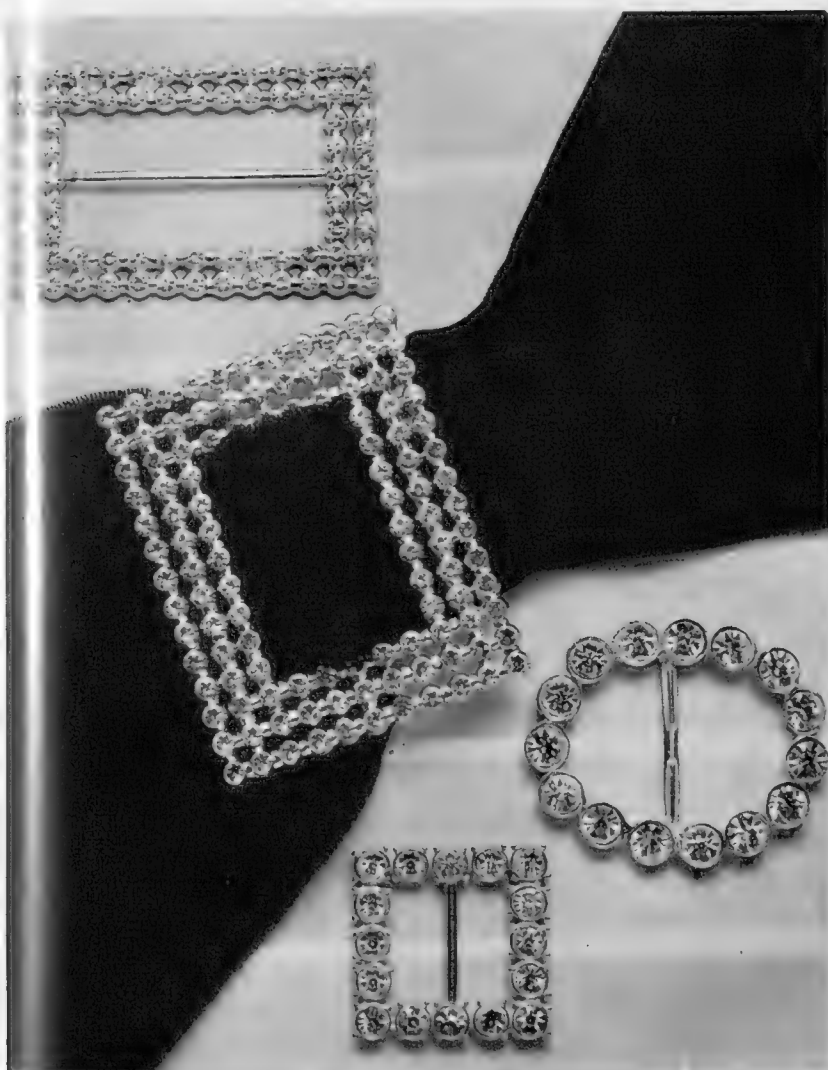


Matching powder compact and cigarette case in gilt and brocade. The cigarette case costs £3 5s. 0d. and the compact £1 15s. 0d. Fortnum and Mason have them in stock





"Rosebud" is the name of this charming set, rhodium plated, which has jewels the colour of moonstones. Necklace £4 19s. 6d., ear clips £1 9s. 6d., large brooch £5 9s. 6d., small brooch £2 5s. Debenham and Freebody



Buckles are popular for belts, holding scarves, wearing on the lapel of a suit, or for shoes. An attractive selection can be seen at Woollands at prices from 5s. 6d. to 13s. 6d.

Dennis Smith

## WHERE SPACE IS PRECIOUS

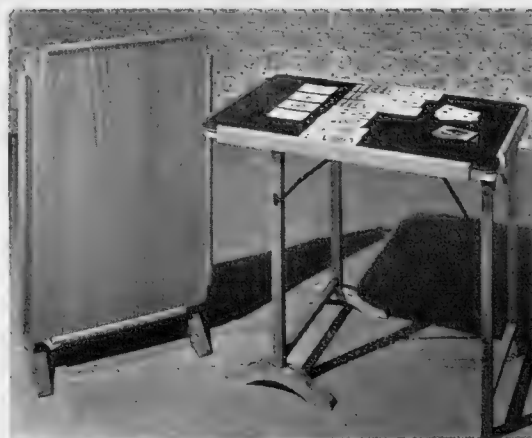
RIGHT and below are pieces from an interesting collection of space-saving furniture for the small flat to be seen at William Per-ring's of Kensington. On the right is a combined television and telephone table with stool, the price of which is 25 gns.



Charming arrangement for a small room, the sideboard-cum-dining unit. The under section is mounted on casters, and swings out smoothly to become a table for meals, to seat four people. The whole thing, complete with four stools £39 15s. 0d.



An inexpensive dual-purpose table, with legs in solid oak, and two tiers in oak veneer. Magazines and books can be kept tidy and ready to hand while one has a cup of tea or coffee. Price 8 gns.



A two-way table for card-playing enthusiasts. The reversible top has green baize on one side, and a walnut veneer on the other, and folds to stand flat in an upright position when not in use. Price £3 14s. 0d.

## Beauty

## Turn your back—without question

Jean Cleland

**E**VENING glamour! When we think of this, we visualize the beauty of gleaming jewels, offset by the charm of a white neck, smooth arms and lovely shoulders. The back view, too, *must* have the same look of soft finish, and when this is so, evening dress can be ravishing.

Unfortunately this kind of perfection is not always easy to achieve. Furs and heavy coats, warm and cosy though they may be, tend to discolour the skin and give it a dinginess that destroys the romance of décolletage. As an elegant woman once said, "the worst of evening dress is that it is so revealing." How very true. Little blemishes that have been conveniently covered up during the day all come to light, and at the last minute, when about to step into a low cut frock, there is not much one can do about it.

With this in mind, I determined that one of the salon treatments, which I am describing week by week, must deal with this all-important question. On investigation, I found that Coty's solve the difficulty.

**I**N their luxurious salon you can have a treatment that concentrates entirely on the neck, arms and back. For the modest price of 15s. 6d., the "wintry look" is charmed away, and any little blemishes—which even in the best regulated skin, often appear on the back—are successfully dispersed. For any of those—young girls and older women—who have parties in the offing, this is an excellent preparation for evening glamour.



The treatment for the back and arms which is given at the Coty Salon in Bond Street where that "wintry look" is charmed away

The treatment, which beautifies the neck, the whole back to the waist, and the arms right up to the shoulders, has four main features. 1. The skin is lightened. 2. The circulation is stimulated to refine the texture. 3. The back—so difficult to deal with oneself, without getting tied into knots—is cleared of any little rough patches or pimples caused by acid secretions. 4. If there is any fibrositis or rheumatic stiffness, this is considerably eased, and slack muscles are toned.

First step is a thorough cleansing with Coty's Beauty Milk, which penetrates deep into the pores and draws out impurities. After this, the skin receives a generous coating of

Coty's Conditioning Cream, which is a skin food containing special toning oils, which is well worked in by the massage which follows.

This massage has been carefully and scientifically thought out to give the maximum benefit in the minimum amount of time.

**B**ESIDES toning and smoothing the skin, it "melts" away any painful fibrositic nodules, and gets thoroughly down to that little knotty part at the back of the neck which, so ageing, is known as the "dowager's hump." So many of us get this as we grow older, and the sooner it is firmly dealt with the better.

The massage has an excellent effect on upper arms that have perhaps grown too plump and a little flabby. With brisk movements it literally pulls them up with a jerk, breaking down fatty tissues, and at the same time banishing goose-flesh by stirring up the circulation. Shoulder blades are dealt with in the same way, concentrating on any fatty "pads" there may be, and, lastly, the neck is braced, together with the upper chest muscles.

When the skin is felt to be glowing all over the surplus cream is wiped off, and it is given a good scrubbing with Coty Beauty Soap, followed by invigorating friction with a rough towel. A refreshing spray with Eau de Toilette completes the treatment, except for the make-up, which is optional.

**I**F you are going to spend the rest of the day in woollies, you may not want any make-up. On the other hand, if you are going out that same evening to a party or dance you will no doubt be pleased to have this final and very flattering finish, which is done with a lovely liquid foundation called Coty "Bloom."

This comes in three shades: "Azalée," which is very light and transparent, for a blonde; "Gitane," which is a little darker, for a mid-brown, and "Continentale" which is deeper still, and has a sort of golden glow for a brunette, or for those who have been away and come back slightly bronzed and want something to go with a sun-kissed skin. If, for future occasions, you want to do this make-up at home, you can buy the "Bloom" Lotion to take away with you, at the price of 5s. 9d. a bottle.



Here is a selection of the various preparations used in the Coty treatment, including the lovely liquid foundation Coty "Bloom"





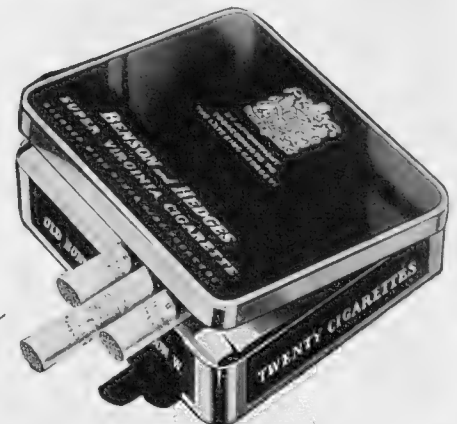
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## ENGAGEMENTS



Vandyk

Miss Jane Hardy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hardy, of The Lodge, Watlington, Kent, is engaged to Mr. P. L. Eckersley, son of the late Lt. (A) P. T. Eckersley, R.N.V.R., M.P., and of Mrs. H. D. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland, of Gibbons Place, Igham, Kent



Fayer

Miss Susanna L. Bruges, daughter of Major W. E. Bruges, and Mrs. Bruges, of Eldwyck, Allenuir Road, Edinburgh, is engaged to Mr. Thomas A. Isaac, son of Lt.-Col. A. G. F. Isaac, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Isaac, of Midway Manor, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts



Harlip

Miss Shirley Kirwan-Taylor, daughter of Mr. H. Kirwan-Taylor, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1, and of Mrs. E. Taylor, of Aldington, Kent, is to marry Mr. R. H. V. Moorhead, son of the late Col. H. D. Moorhead, D.S.O., and of Mrs. A. G. Willox, of Aldington



### FARQUHARSON—MALLET

Mr. Robert Alexander Farquharson, younger son of Captain and Mrs. J. F. Farquharson, of Homington Manor, Salisbury, Wilts, married Miss Elizabeth Mallet, daughter of H.E. Sir Ivo Mallet, K.C.M.G., the British Ambassador in Madrid, and Lady Mallet, at the Church of St. Jeronimo, Madrid

## THEY WERE MARRIED



### ROBIN—MATURIN-BAIRD

Lt.-Col. Raoul Robin, Coldstream Guards, of Rosel Manor, Jersey, married Miss Sheelagh Caroline Maturin-Baird, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Maturin-Baird, of Langham Hall, Colchester, at St. James's, Spanish Place



### CAREY—PARKINSON

Mr. John W. H. Carey, son of the late Mr. N. E. Carey, and of Mrs. Carey, of Spencer Hill, Wimbledon, married Miss Elva Parkinson, daughter of Sir John and Lady Parkinson, of Devonshire Place, W.1, at Hampstead Parish Church



### WOODS—HORTON

Major T. P. Salisbury Woods, Royal Horse Artillery, son of Dr. and Mrs. Salisbury Woods, of Manor Court, Cambridge, married Miss Patricia L. Horton, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. T. S. Horton, of Admington Hall, Shipston-on-Stour, at Chipping Campden, Glos



### SOUTHEY—ABBOTT

Mr. John Southey, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Southey, of Highgate, married Miss Gillian Oldfield Abbott, youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. D. Abbott, of Debenham, and of Mrs. Abbott, of Aspull, Suffolk, at Pont Street Church





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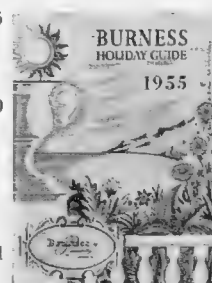
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## Motoring

# Preparing for Geneva

ALREADY the process of genning up for Geneva—and it is important to remember that the second letter is an “e”—has begun, although the Show does not open until March 10. But the British exhibits will be many and interesting, for this Show is regarded by most of our manufacturers as being capable of attracting attention from people in all parts of Europe. I shall give an account of it at a later date; but here I would like to mention a few of the British cars that will be seen there.

One of the first things to note will be the reaffirmation of the tendency among many leading British makers to fit overdrives. Thus the Humber Hawk saloon that is to be exhibited will have an overdrive as will both the Sunbeam Sports saloon and the Sunbeam Alpine. Spectacular interest will be one aim of the Hillman Minx saloon which is to be mounted on a turntable; and of the old, twelve horsepower Sunbeam of the year 1904.

The Rootes group is also planning to show a 1903 five horsepower Humber. Both the Hillman Husky—which made a name for itself directly it was seen at Earls Court—and the estate car will be shown.

THE Nuffield people will be exhibiting through their distributors J. H. Keller, of Zürich. The Wolseley Six-Ninety, first seen last year at Earls Court, will be there as well as the Four Forty-four. Rileys will be represented by a Pathfinder, and there will be an M.G. “TF” and a Magnette.

In the Morris range there will be the Minor, in various forms, both saloon and tourer, and the Series II Oxford. I had an opportunity of trying this latter car recently, but various troubles occurred and prevented me from conducting a full test. If I felt that these troubles were anything to do with the basic design or construction of the car, I would

describe them; but my impression was that they were the result of a stroke of bad luck such as can afflict any machine. It would, as I feel, be unfair to the Morris Oxford to enlarge upon them and consequently I shall leave my comments upon the car’s road performance until I have had an opportunity of completing my tests, and confine myself here to a reminder of the specification.

IT was some time in May that the first announcement was made about the Series II Morris Oxford. It is a six seat family car with an engine of one and a half litres capacity. This is a four-cylinder unit with push rod operated overhead valves and a compression ratio of 7.43 to 1. The S.U. carburetter is fed from a twelve-gallon tank by an electric pump mounted in the boot. The rear-mounted pump is becoming steadily more popular and provided it is protected it is better when placed near the tank. In the Oxford the pump is protected by being mounted beyond and to the side of the spare wheel, which is carried upright on the right side of the boot.

The car has a four-door saloon body and there is a curved windscreen. The front seat is roomy, the driving position good with an admirably arranged hand brake. There is a built-in air conditioning system fitted as standard.

Straddling the opening day of the Geneva show is the R.A.C. Rally. This runs from March 8 to 12. As yet I have no full entry list but it is certain that the modified Volkswagen will perform in the hands of Peter Easton and Ron Willis. They will start from Hastings. The modifications include a twin carburetter and exhaust system and an increase in the compression ratio.

The net result of these changes is an increase of fifteen horsepower.

Yet another big motor car manufacturer has disclosed that work is being done on a gas turbine power unit. This is Ford in the United States.

Both General Motors and Chrysler have already said that they are working on small gas turbines. But when any of these companies is pressed for views as to the practicability of marketing a turbine car, they are inclined to hedge and to suggest that the time of the turbocar is still far distant.

Nevertheless, the preparations being made to put a turbine-engined racing car in the field are fairly well advanced. The engine, in this instance, is one of the well tried Turboméca gas turbines to the original designs of M. Sydłowski and now being made under licence by Blackburn.

The Turboméca people had plans for a turbine racing car two years ago; but work proceeded slowly and there now seems a chance that the project will be abandoned. But the British effort is almost certain to go forward and it seems just possible that the car will be seen towards the end of the year. It is an enterprising plan and deserves to succeed. And it is a warning to the controllers of international competition work that they must quickly decide how to rate turbine cars relative to ordinary piston-engined cars.

A possible means would be to base the rating upon air mass flow. But with piston engines this would be difficult to determine. The controlling body should look into the methods of assorting gas turbines and piston engines on a fundamental basis as soon as possible.

THE obstinacy with which the highway authorities insist upon doing road work which is unnecessary is astonishing. On the twenty-five miles of the road which I cover almost every day I find that a vast works effort is being devoted to the super-elevation (banking to you) of a curve which was never at any time really dangerous, and that an almost equally big effort is being devoted to the refurbishing of pavements which could easily have been left for another fifty or sixty years without anybody being one penny the worse.

Highways authorities—as it seems from a study of their activities—are among the bodies which fail most noticeably in starting work which will be of value for reducing the risks of the road. They will replace a paving stone when this is slightly worn, they will introduce kerbs where they are not needed, but they will do nothing about a genuine road engineering defect. They will put up millions of lights which merely confuse and blind the driver; but they will not take one down in order to reduce those blinding and confusing effects.

—Oliver Stewart





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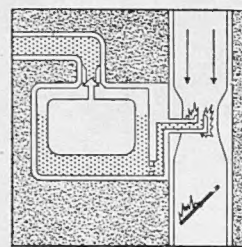
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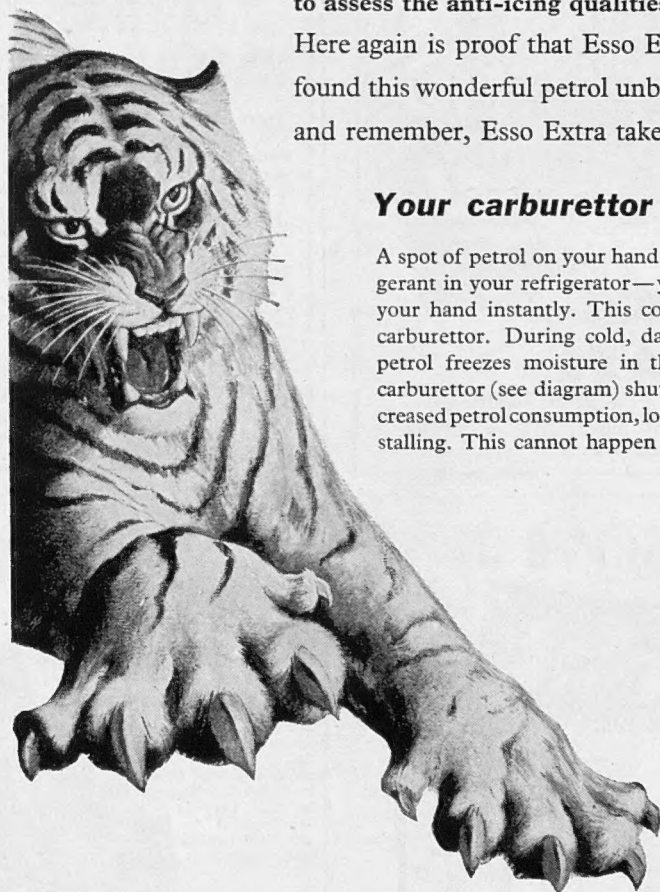


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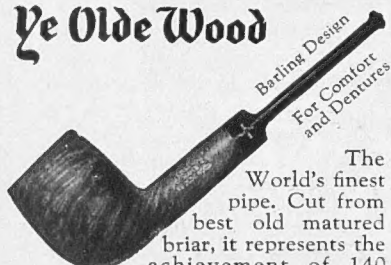
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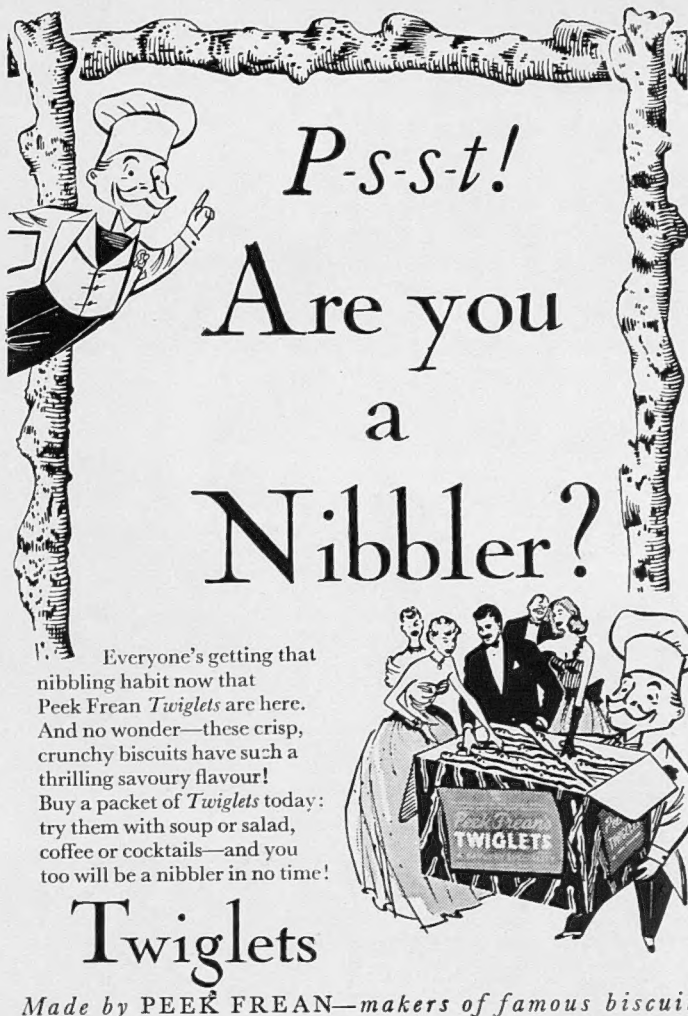
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